


THE LEISURE HOUR

An Illustrated Magazine
for HOME READING



This number is specially suited
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WHEN THE BOATS ARE AWAY

MR. WALTER LANGLEY'S CORNISH PICTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION

Mr. Walter Langley, R.I., is a native of Birmingham, and began his career as a lithographer. He settled at Newlyn in 1882. He has received gold medals for painting from Paris and Chicago, and he painted an autograph portrait by invitation of the directorate for the Gallery of the Uffizi at Florence.

For King and Country

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL

AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS," "GUNNER JACK AND UNCLE JOHN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—"THE SHADOW OF PARTING"



THE garden of the "Red House" sloped down to the river, and the river fell into the sea within a long stone's-throw of Major Beauchamp's drawing-room windows.

When he had been sent to the *dépôt* at Haverford from the glaring hot island in the Mediterranean that is one of England's fortresses, his friends had told him that he would dislike the place and the people who dwelt there. But Major Beauchamp and his wife turned to England with a longing born of six years' absence and exile. No one who has not followed the drum in a foreign land under alien skies, can realise the joy of waking under a grey, sunless expanse of cloud, and sleeping in the cool dusk of a night fresh with English winds and English scents.

They had come quietly to Haverford with their two children, Peggy and Stephen, and had settled down in the old ramshackle house that no one would willingly rent, since it was old-fashioned and out of repair, save a soldier who must take what fortune offers him.

The "Red House" was built outside the town of Haverford, which was a fashionable north coast watering-place. But although the tram-lines passed very close to the old garden bordered with lilacs, yet none of the tourists who flocked to the parade and ate shrimps upon the pier ever found their way up to that quiet corner by the river!

When Stephen had come to Haverford, he was a delicate child of seven years old, weakened by a long residence in Malta, but now he was as robust as his five-year-old sister, who, having been born abroad, had not felt the stress of the climate so greatly.

But now Major Beauchamp's appointment at the *dépôt* had expired, and he was daily

awaiting the orders that might take him to any corner of the globe where the English Artillery officer guards the coast and looks across the sea line from the grim forts where the muzzles of the great guns lie concealed.

The garden of the "Red House" was looking its best that bright May day, for lilac and laburnum were out in gay profusion, and over the gate the white horse-chestnut had lighted its pale tapers. Mrs. Beauchamp was sitting at work at the open drawing-room window. She was a pretty woman, of little more than thirty, with a fresh complexion and graceful figure, that went far towards making up the charm that was completed in the pathos of her brown eyes and the tender lines of her mouth. In the garden she could see two little blue serge figures dodging under the trees, where she knew that Stephen and Peggy were busy planting seeds that were never destined to come up, since they were sown in defiance of all rules of horticulture. There was a distant clattering among the pots and pans where Patty the cook was at work, and a melodious whistle from the pantry where Beck, the soldier-servant, was polishing the silver with all the misdirected ardour of a man who has only been accustomed to clean things that required physical violence. The bees were humming in the *Pirus japonica* round the window, and the bed of hyacinths in the centre of the walk was sending out a delicious fragrance in the soft air.

Mrs. Beauchamp was stitching many thoughts into Peggy's frock, many of them anxious ones. Where would her husband be ordered, and what would become of the children if the station was an unhealthy one? Would there be any difficulty in meeting the expenses of the move, and what about her gowns should their new home be in a smart garrison town?

There are few soldiers who are blessed with means sufficiently large to set them above the many anxieties of life, and perhaps the only trouble so far in Mrs. Beauchamp's happy married career had been that ready money was often unattainable, and that it was hard to see her

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husband deprived of many of a man's usual interests because wife and children absorbed the income that often seemed so very minute. She was not so deeply wrapped in a brown study but that she heard his step in the hall, and called to him gladly:

"Oh, Harry, how early you have come home: I am so glad."

But when she saw his face, she put down her stitching and ran to him with open arms: "It has come, dear—I can read it in your eyes—and it is—somewhere—where we cannot all go together?"

Her face was hidden on his shoulder, and he put his arms about her.

"Maye darling, it is Barrackpore—not a good station. It means separation for us for the first time."

"But not for you and me," she said quickly, "I can go with you."

"But—the children cannot."

Oh, happy English fathers and mothers who never have to look separation in the face, who can always spend your lives together, do you reflect that there are others less happy, whose lives are often spent in fear, lest children or dear ones should be parted from them?

"Ah! Stephen and Peggy." Mrs. Beauchamp's voice was steady, but her husband could feel the quiver that ran through her.

"You must stay with them, dear wife; you cannot leave them."

"Harry, my first duty is to you—my first joy to be with you."

He held her away from him for a moment and looked down into the shadowed depths of her eyes. She looked bravely back at him with a smile, for if her heart was breaking, he should never know it.

"But who can we leave them with, Maye? We must sail in a fortnight."

He sat down, and she took her old chair again, feeling that she could better bear the strain with the needle in her restless fingers and Peggy's frock on her knee.

"Neither you nor I have any relations who would take them. Ethel has too large a family, and Willie dislikes children. But do you remember that Mrs. Brown told us last week that she had some friends who were anxious to eke out their income by taking children whose parents were in India? Should you think much of Mrs. Brown's opinion?"

Maye lent a swift thought to the memory of the doctor's wife at Haverford, who was

a lady of many aspects, and of a turn of mind that reminded her acquaintances forcibly of an acidulated drop, since she was so unexpectedly sweet at odd moments.

"I think she would be kind and trustworthy where children are concerned," Mrs. Beauchamp said gently; "and besides that, I think her friends lived near Mitcham in Suffolk, where your aunt Elizabeth lives, and she could look after the darlings occasionally and see that they were well and happy."

Major Beauchamp smiled a little, unseen, for his aunt Lady Elizabeth Marillier was a woman who had seldom been known to do anything for her relations that entailed any personal trouble, but he said nothing to his wife.

"We will go over to-morrow and make inquiries, Maye," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "But perhaps to-morrow you will have found that you cannot leave the children?"

Mrs. Beauchamp laid one white hand upon his brown one.

"Dear," she said, "when I married you, I said, 'till death do us part.' I have always tried in everything to keep my marriage vows."

Major Beauchamp leaned forward with sudden tenderness.

"My dear, you have been the best wife in the world to me," he said, and they sat silent, hand in hand, for a few moments.

In at the window buzzed an impertinent bee, flying heavily into a great bowl of roses that stood on a side-table. The bee knew nothing save of sunlight and the yellow hearts of honey-laden flowers, and if he thought of anything, he might have wondered why it was that two people who ought to have been outside in the May sunlight when all the world should be happy, were sitting with the shadow all about them, in silent sorrow.

Outside in the garden, Stephen had put a flower-pot on his head and was drilling Peggy, while the sparrows were thoroughly enjoying the Campanula seed in the little furrow that the end of a wooden sword had turned up.

"You never will do 'Right, turn!' properly, Peggy," said Stephen with severe resignation. "Sometimes I think that girls' brains must be all wrong: they never can do things right."

Peggy's blue eyes peered out at him from under the pink frills of her sun-bonnet.



STEPHEN'S QUICK EYES SAW THAT THERE WERE TEARS ON HIS MOTHER'S LASHES

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"Oh, but, Stephen," she said, "sometimes you says I do quite nice things, like s'gestin' 'bout havin' the barracks in the green-house, and makin' the white rats into sergeants."

"Oh yes; sometimes you are almost clever."

The patronage of his approval brought a radiant smile to the piquant little face, and Peggy hugged herself with delight.

"Daddy's come back," she said. "I heard his sword clatterin' as Beck took it off in the hall."

"We shall soon have to leave this place, Peg," Stephen said suddenly. "I shan't like going, shall you?"

Peggy's lips fell in an ominous quiver: "We shall come back again though."

She could not distinctly remember any other home, and had hardly grown accustomed to the fact that she was one of the rovers of the world.

"We shall never come back again. It will be the same as it was when we left Malta. I cried because we left Denham behind—he was the soldier-servant, and the nice fat cook Salvo, only he was funny sometimes when he made caramel pudding by hotting the poker and laying it on the top of the sugar. I don't think mother knew. But don't cry, Peg, that's silly. We shall go to a much nicer place than Haverford, where we can hear the bugles all day, and where p'raps there'll be a hundred-ton gun behind the house like there was in Malta, that breaks the windows when it goes off."

But as this prospect presented no charm for Peggy, who was merely alarmed, he kissed her tears away and dried her eyes with a minute pocket-handkerchief.

"Come and see mummy," he said, "p'raps she'll let you have Molly."

"Molly" was a large and florid wax doll, reserved for special occasions, and the very thought of her roused Peggy from grief at once. She put her hand into her brother's and they trotted off together, their small feet noiseless upon the grass.

"Muvver!"

Mrs. Beauchamp sprang to her feet and ran out into the garden, where she fell on her knees by the side of the little figure and caught Peggy to her heart.

"What is it, my sweet?" she said, with her face hidden against the yellow curls.

Stephen's quick eyes saw that there were tears on his mother's lashes even before she

put her arms round him and drew him close to her. But he said nothing, for he was afraid of distressing her, and in his small soul there was a depth of unselfishness unguessed at even by his mother.

"Have the orders come, mother?" he said quickly.

Mrs. Beauchamp nodded: "You will have to take care of Peggy, my son. Father and I cannot take you two with us: you would be frizzled up like the little nigger boys in India."

She spoke so lightly that Peggy laughed, and it was only Stephen who read the tragedy that underlay her brave words.

"Mother, where shall we live, Peggy and me?"

"With some nice kind people, dear. Father and I shall soon be home again, and time passes so quickly when one is young."

There was the tramp of many marching feet in Stephen's head: tramp—tramp! Were they the years passing by like a squadron of cavalry, the years that he was convinced must pass before his mother came home again?

Still with her face on Peggy's curls, Mrs. Beauchamp told him of her trust in her little son and of the happiness of the weekly letters, and of the wonderful presents that she would send to her children; and at last Stephen laughed too, with Peggy, till the garden rang with merriment, and Major Beauchamp put his head out of the window to share in the fun.

But that night, when the children were asleep, Mrs. Beauchamp could give way to her grief. Her husband was dining over at the Mess at a "farewell dinner" given in honour of one of the boy subalterns of the regiment who was sailing next day for South Africa. She could hear their voices faintly floating across the narrow strip of river in the still air, and the chorus of the song that they were shouting: "He's a jolly good fellow"—the time-honoured salutation to departing heroes. She pressed her burning forehead against the window-pane for a moment, hearing far off as in a dream the voice of Gunner Beck conversing spasmodically to Patty on the wonders of India and the beauty of its graceful brown women. Then she opened the door of the nursery very softly and went in.

Peggy was lying with her arms flung out of bed, round and dimpled upon the quilt, but it was to Stephen's side that Mrs.

Beauchamp crept in silence. They were so much to one another, the mother and son, each with such a capacity for love and unselfishness, each with such a passionate sense of the beauty and the justice that should go towards the making of a perfect life. Maye Beauchamp put out her hand tenderly to smooth back the hair from the hot forehead, and stooping, found that there were tears upon his black lashes. She knew what had brought them there, but she did not cry out against her lot; only, with the quiet heroism of a soldier's wife, she folded her hands and prayed that God would keep her children when they passed into other hands.

If she endured her bitterest hour of agony alone in that silent room, there was no trace of her suffering upon her face when her husband returned, but only a light in her eyes as of clear shining after rain.

CHAPTER II

"As the earth when leaves are dead;
As the night when sleep is sped;
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left, love—alone."

THE next day when Peggy and Stephen had gone out for a walk with their daily governess, Major and Mrs. Beauchamp started for their visit to Mrs. Brown, that was to decide so much that was momentous in their lives. Mrs. Brown lived in a small house in the very centre of Haverford, which was gay with pink curtains and muslin blinds, and painted outside a pale sea-green colour, that made it a very brilliant object of attraction in the street. She herself was a very gushing lady, whose one trouble in life was the increasing size of her waist, and who regarded the fact that she had no children as a very unfortunate circumstance indeed, since she alone knew how to bring up young people in the way in which they should go. She disapproved of Peggy and Stephen Beauchamp, in so far as she considered them forward little people, who received far too much attention from their elders, and were in need of snubbing; and they returned the compliment by always regarding her with silent scorn when she crossed their path.

She was "At Home" to society in Haverford every Wednesday, and was sitting up behind her starched window-blinds, clad

in a gown of violet silk, when Major and Mrs. Beauchamp knocked quietly at her door. There was no one in the room with their hostess when they entered, but they found her—though it was very early in the afternoon—sitting behind a massive silver tray on which were heaped cakes and buns in a dazzling variety, flanked by a wonderful Crown Derby tea-service of royal scarlet and blue.

"Dear me! And so you are really going to India, after all?" said Mrs. Brown when she had shaken hands with her visitors, and had poured out tea and discussed the weather and one or two other topics. "Such a nuisance for you to be so thoroughly uprooted. And what are you going to do with the children?"

"That is what is troubling us," said Major Beauchamp steadily. "We have less than a fortnight's notice, and we have no idea who will look after Peggy and Stephen."

"Then why not send them to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bland?" cried Mrs. Brown triumphantly. "They are charming people, and when I mentioned them to you, I wondered really whether you would ever need their help for your own children."

"We have so little time to make their acquaintance," faltered Mrs. Beauchamp. "Would they—would they be kind to Peggy and Stephen?"

"My dear Mrs. Beauchamp, I can answer for them with the utmost confidence," said Mrs. Brown glibly. "They are delightful people in every way, and are devoted to children."

"Then they are personal friends of your own?" Major Beauchamp was so anxious that he hardly knew what he was saying. "They are people whom we should in every way think desirable for our children to be with?"

"My dear Major Beauchamp, is it not enough to say they are personally known to me?"

Mrs. Brown was evidently ruffled in her feelings, and Mrs. Beauchamp hastened to avert what might have been a cause of some offence.

"Of course we do not mean anything slighting to your friends," she said in her gentle winning way: "it is only that we are so terribly anxious about anything that concerns our children—and we have heard sad things about people who take Indian children."

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"Oh, I quite understand." Mrs. Brown's face cleared at once. "Mr. and Mrs. Bland were friends of my sisters, and they lost all their money in some unfortunate speculation, and as they had not been brought up to earn their living in any way, they had to do what they could. They have a little poultry farm in Suffolk, a nice old-fashioned place, and are most anxious to hear of some children to look after, like your two."

"My husband has an aunt living near there—Lady Elizabeth Marillier," said Mrs. Beauchamp. "She is not at home just now, but she could always see how the children were getting on and let us know."

"Of course, of course; and you can go down with them. I will write to the Blands to-night;" and after some discussion it was settled that on the strength of Mrs. Brown's warm recommendation, Peggy and Stephen were to be taken to Frittingham in a few days' time and left there, since there was so much to be done before the transport sailed, and so little time to complete everything, and to procure outfits for Major Beauchamp and his wife.

"I may perhaps be able to come home in eighteen months' time," said Mrs. Beauchamp with an attempt at cheerfulness, as she bade her hostess good-bye. "But I feel sure that you would not have recommended any home for my children that you were not perfectly sure they would be happy in?"

Her pathetic eyes sought Mrs. Brown's face, learning nothing from the smile that wreathed the sharp features in a perpetual mask of amiability.

"My dear Mrs. Beauchamp, how can you imagine that I should deceive you in any way? I assure you that the charm of your dear children makes me most anxious for their welfare."

She talked so agreeably on the subject for the short time they remained with her, that Maye Beauchamp went away comforted in her heart, and sure that the children were to be happily provided for.

That night, when Dr. Brown came home from his rounds, tired out and exhausted by hours of hard work, he found his wife waiting for him, with a satisfied expression on her face that he knew heralded some successful piece of business performed on her part.

He was a short man who was inclined to stoutness, and he divested himself slowly and breathlessly of his overcoat, waiting

for the eager news that was somehow so long in coming.

"Well, Caroline," he said at last, "what has happened to-day? You look brimming over with suppressed excitement."

"John, my dear, do you remember the Blands?"

Dr. Brown nodded, for the recollection was not an agreeable one for him.

"I remember them," he said briefly, "very well."

"And you know that they certainly did help us out of an awkward hole that time in London?"

Dr. Brown nodded again, frowning a little.

"You see, John, they were rich then and we were poor; and do you remember we vowed that if ever we got the chance to help them we would? It is always horrid to be under an obligation to any one, is it not?"

"I suppose so. I should, at any rate, be very glad to help the Blands."

"And I have done so," cried Mrs. Brown triumphantly. "My dear John—I have repaid them ten times over, and we need not feel bothered about our obligation to them again."

"Have you lent them money?" Dr. Brown's voice was full of astonishment, for he knew his wife's character sufficiently well to be sure that she could not willingly have done so; "or perhaps you have induced some one else to help them?"

"That is certainly more likely; and for once you have guessed right in a way."

Mrs. Brown laughed a little as she led the way to the dining-room.

"Major and Mrs. Beauchamp are going to India at once, and I have persuaded them to leave their children with the Blands. Little spoiled monkeys they are too, and a little timely severity will do them no harm."

"Then you have done very wrong, Caroline," said the doctor nervously, "for you know nothing of the Blands, save that they helped us for old time's sake many years ago. You know certainly that Mrs. Bland has a bad temper, and that her husband cares for nothing outside his books, but of their qualification as caretakers of little children you know absolutely nothing. I must insist, Caroline, on your telling the Beauchamps the extent of your acquaintance with the Blands. Why, those little children might be unhappy."

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A very tender spot in the doctor's heart was reserved for every child of his acquaintance, and Peggy and Stephen had unconsciously won their way into the softest corner of it.

"My good man," returned Mrs. Brown contemptuously, "my letter to the Blands was posted an hour ago, and besides that, any one can look after a child, and it is a real charity to help poor people. Major Beauchamp has an aunt or some relation in the neighbourhood, who will give them an eye occasionally."

"You have done wrong, Caroline," said the doctor uncomfortably.

"I am not afraid, John; and anyhow, the Beauchamps can see for themselves whether they like the place or not, and as they are going to pay very well, we shall have put an end to any obligation towards the Blands that we may have felt. And besides that, we shall never see the Beauchamps again. Army people are like birds of passage—here to-day and gone to-morrow."

And as her husband still shook his head she grew angry, and he ended, as usually happened, by regretting that he had ever spoken to her on the subject. She knew how to make his life uncomfortable in the way that only a nagging woman can do, and he was weak enough to consent to anything for the sake of his peace of mind.

When he was alone that night in the quiet of his study Dr. Brown gave way to his thoughts. Life had not represented an unceasing round of pleasure to him since the day that he had married Caroline Ashe, and had submitted his conscience and his courage into her hands. She had swamped his individuality, and had soured a nature that might have been a strong one had it not been naturally timid and sensitive. He knew now that his wife was wrong, and yet he could not resist her, for he had allowed her to have her own way for so long that to thwart it would mean a moral upheaval.

"I hope they'll be all right," he said at last. "Poor little souls!" and he went up-stairs heavily, to think and wonder, until heavy sleep overpowered his tired brain, and he slept the sleep of the country doctor who is afraid that every moment the night-bell will call him to work again.

The next few days seemed like a dream to Peggy and Stephen, for their parents had begun to pack at once, the house was given up, and every one seemed too busy

to have time to look after them at all. Children like the bustle and excitement of a move, and it is delightful to them to see strange possessions unearthed in some dark cupboard that they had long ago given up as lost. But Stephen was old enough to realise what separation meant, and if he kept a stiff upper lip, it was only that he remembered that soldiers never cry, except when they are alone in the dark and no one can see them. He hated having to say good-bye to the little sweet-shop opposite the gate, to a mouse in the conservatory that he had tamed, and finally to Patty the cook who had to be left behind, and whose announcement of her engagement to the master tailor at the barracks only raised a momentary thrill of delight in Stephen's breast. He would never be able to look from the attic window that was his own, far out to sea, and watch the dipping sails as the herring-boats ran up the coast, or see the great red lamp of the light-ship blazing like a watchful eye upon the ribs of dangerous sands. There were mysterious histories, too, connected with all the shimmer of light and cliff outline—and these he would have to leave behind him. He knew the exact moment when the evening star suddenly shot out of the blue heaven and shone like a steadfast beacon in the west. Perhaps the star would miss the little white figure in the narrow iron bed? Perhaps something of sympathy would pass out of its brilliant life, for Stephen kissed his hand to it every night, and was anxious to think that some one would miss him. Of course he would see the stars at Frittingham, but he was not sure even that it would be the same star, or at any rate that his bed would overlook so fair an evening scene.

He was silent when they drove away, for there are moments when a child feels as acutely as a grown-up being, and has not the language at his command to express his thoughts.

Peggy was full of chattering curiosity—a bright-faced baby under her pink sun-bonnet, and Major and Mrs. Beauchamp were quietly cheerful. Beck bade them good-bye at the carriage door with an unclouded brow.

"Good-bye to you, Master Stephen," he said. "I've an uncle what owns a wherry down Frittingham way, and it won't be long afore I come and look you up, and you too, Missie, and maybe I'll bring some

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of Patty's cakes with me, though I mis-doubt she'll be too proud to bake them when she's married Sergeant McKinnon."

Stephen put out a chill little hand—

"Good-bye, Beck," he said. "Peggy and me 'll be pleased to see you again, and thank you for the knife, and I'm so glad it can cut wire."

The gunner's honest face clouded as the carriage disappeared in a whirl of dust, for one of the characteristics of the British soldier is his passionate devotion to children, and a dogged loyalty that never fails where the sons of his officers are concerned. And he read the trouble in Stephen's eyes that no one else had time to see, and he wished that he could have gone away to far-off Frittingham with the two little ones.

"If any one hurts you in the Major's absence," he said, apostrophising the empty house, "that person will wish he hadn't ever come into the world; and if any one does you an unkindness, I'll tell Patty what I think of her a-trapesing off with a soldier instead of telling the mistress as she would not ever leave them. I've no patience with women-folk now-a-days—that I haven't. All for themselves they are and their comforts, and nothing at all for their masters and mistresses. Now I'll wager that if a poor gunner had asked her to marry him there'd a been a toss of her head. But when it comes to a master tailor——"

Beck's feelings becoming too much for him at this moment, he flung himself with ardour into the work of sweeping out the rubbish of the deserted house, and speedily forgot Patty and all her want of appreciation, that had hurt his self-esteem more than he would in any way allow.

Stephen leaned out of the window to catch a last look at Haverford as the train steamed out of the station.

"What are you doing, my boy?" said Major Beauchamp gently. "Come and help Peg with this beautiful new book of 'Puss in Boots.' Look! the pictures do all sorts of funny things!"

Stephen moved obediently over to his sister's side.

"I was saying good-bye to the sea, daddy," he said quietly. "There is one time when the sun always makes a yellow ladder just under the cliff, and sometimes I think there is a cave there which has wonderful things in it, but no one has ever been into it except me in my dreams."

The eyes of the husband and wife met

over the child's golden head, and then Maye Beauchamp drew Stephen to her and kissed him.

"Go on with your dreaming, my son," she said; "it keeps your mind stored with pretty thoughts, and you can tell them to Peggy."

"Muvver," said Peggy suddenly, with an air of great determination, "when I am a big woman, I shall dress just like 'Puss in Boots.' It would be so nice and cool."

"Oh, Peggy, you'd look just like the little yellow cat at home—I mean at Haverford. I hope some one will take care of her now; she will miss us to-night when she comes for her saucer of milk."

"There will be a new cat at Frittingham," said Mrs. Beauchamp. "I believe that Mrs. Bland has two blue Persian kittens with long fur."

And in the joy of considering the future, that held unlimited possibilities of Persian kittens, Stephen and Peggy plucked up their spirits again.

CHAPTER III

"As we meet and touch each day
The many travellers on our way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious, helpful ministry."

MOTHER was gone; the brief agony of farewell was over; the last day and night spent together in the new home, and Stephen and Peggy began to look about them and take up their lives again with all the cheerfulness of a child's nature.

Frittingham was a charming little village in the wilds of Suffolk, within touch of the North Sea spume, near enough to the coast to get the fresh sting of the sea tempered by the inland breeze, and instinct with a charm of its own. It was a quaint little place, set under a ridge of higher cliff-land wooded to the top of the slope, and before it stretched the wide valley of the marshes. Through the marshes, flat and green and lush with wild orchids, flowering sedges and heavy-scented meadow-sweet, the river wound like a broad silver ribbon. From far away, a man walking on the slope would see the sudden flash of a sail apparently moving through the fields where the brown canvas of a wherry caught the breeze. At night the call of the bargemen, as they tacked round every bend, fell plaintively on the quiet air, and the rattle

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and strain of the cordage and flap of the sail made a quiet harmony with the cry of the nightjar and the delicious music of the nightingale.

Suffolk in summer-time is a place full of enchantment and delight. It is in the winter, when the wind blows dead from the east with a harshness in the air that is characteristic of the eastern counties, that Suffolk is at its worst.

But Stephen and Peggy came to the place in June, and the month of roses is peculiarly sweet in that county. Mr. and Mrs. Bland lived in a quaint old house called the "Manor Farm," and the charm of the red gables covered with ivy and the Jacobean stacks of chimneys had won their way to Mrs. Beauchamp's impressionable heart when she first saw them. There was a long, undulating stretch of field round the house, set with clumps of fine oaks here and there, and the poultry run at the back was not too evident to be unsightly, with its neat black coops and red outbuildings that were the evidence of what had once been a fine farmstead.

Mr. and Mrs. Bland were wreathed in smiles for the twenty-four hours in which the house held Major and Mrs. Beauchamp, and if there was a dawning doubt in Maye's mind as to the lurking ill-humour about Mrs. Bland's mouth, she thrust the suspicion away from her resolutely.

One strong maid-of-all-work kept the place clean, and Mrs. Bland vowed that children were her delight, since her only daughter had grown up and married and gone away, and that Peggy should be under her own care. She held out hopes, too, that her grandchildren, the little Warrens, would come to stay now and again, and would be nice companions for her charges; and Mrs. Beauchamp hoped that so plausible a manner was the real outcome of a genuine child-lover's nature.

"You need be anxious about nothing, I can assure you," Mrs. Bland said, with a wave of her thin hand. "The dear little things will be a real comfort to me. Mr. Bland is so concerned with the book he is writing that I seldom see him, and their little lessons and doings will fill my life."

"You must sometimes be lonely if you are so fond of children," Mrs. Beauchamp said earnestly; "and I am going to trust you, and will pray that as you act towards my little ones, so God will act to you."

She had said this over their cots the

night before as she stood looking down at them in the half light, and Mrs. Bland had assured her again that she would be kinder to them even than their own mother.

A child's tears are soon dried, and the antics of two kittens that were blue Persians of the most engaging description made Peggy think the Manor Farm a most entrancing place, and even induced Stephen to forget his sorrow for a time. Mrs. Bland watched them through the window for a moment or two, for she was making pastry in the kitchen.

"A real handful those children will prove to be, no doubt, but I never spoiled Celia, and I am not going to spoil these. It's a good job that that aunt of theirs, Lady Elizabeth Marillier, is in Switzerland, for I could not bear to have her poking her nose in and out of my arrangements. I did hear yesterday that she was not likely to return to these parts at all, and I am not sorry."

She slapped the pastry viciously down on the board as though she had Lady Elizabeth under her strong hand, and was glad. Then she called through the window—

"Don't keep hanging about there, children, for goodness' sake, and don't go and disturb the sitting hens that are in the yard on the pheasants' eggs. Get along out for a walk up the field till dinner-time."

"Yes," said Stephen obediently, as he took his sister's hand and trotted up the path.

Mrs. Bland looked sharply after them for a moment to see whether they avoided the forbidden precincts, then took her way up-stairs and speedily forgot them in an exciting hunt through their boxes to discover which of their large stock of garments would fit her own grandchildren. For, she argued to herself, it was absurd that children of Peggy's and Stephen's ages should possess so many and such dainty clothes when other children had to do without them—a line of argument which was difficult to follow, and when followed did not appear to be satisfactory.

She sat enviously surveying the pile of lawn and cambric that comprised Peggy's wardrobe, and the strong serge sailor suits that Stephen affected. She felt no touch of pity for the gentle motherly hands that had gathered the little trousseaux together, and she had no thought for the tears that had been shed over the fine stitching, nor



"AT IT AGAIN," JANE MUTTERED

for the all-loving motherhood that had suffered in leaving the little children so short a time before. Mrs. Bland was one of those women who are constantly at war with fate, and because of the sudden loss of her fortune owing to an unwise speculation, she had never ceased to rail against her lot, in which she included her useless

husband. She always allowed that poverty had disturbed her mental equilibrium. She might have also acknowledged that it had deprived her of her last residue of honesty in things large and small, though it was perhaps doubtful whether she had ever possessed what might have been called honour in any sense at all.

Jane the maid peeped at her through the door while she sat absorbed, and the contemptuous expression that crossed the honest good-tempered face as she became aware of her occupation yielded to no surprise.

"At it again," Jane muttered, as she crept down the steep stairs with her apron full of the apples she had come up to the attic to fetch. "She's a caution, is the mistress, and I verily believe she'd go through my boxes now and again if I didn't keep them locked. Poor children, poor little souls; if I can only make up to 'em in any way, it'll be a rare treat."

She fingered the half-crown in her pocket that Maye Beauchamp had pushed into her red fingers that morning, with an unspoken request written in her sad eyes that Jane's honest heart interpreted at once.

"Lor' bless you, ma'am," she said, "if I get the chance I'll make 'em happy, poor little souls," and the womanly sympathy

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on her broad face made her for the moment almost beautiful in Maye Beauchamp's eyes.

Meanwhile Stephen and Peggy had crossed the garden walk under the study window, where Mr. Bland sat in solemn isolation writing a book on monumental brasses that no one would ever want to read. His bald head and near-sighted eyes peering so closely over the paper gave him an odd appearance, and Peggy shrank closer to her brother.

"Is he a wizard, do you think, Teeven? Why does he wear robes like Jack the Giant-killer ogre?"

Stephen looked at the dirty red Indian dressing-gown into which Mr. Bland had subsided now that the Beauchamps had departed. The tarnished gold-and-red smoking-cap had evidently been a purchase at the same time, and the room in which Mr. Bland lurked like a bloated spider in its web was so engrained with dust and rubbish that it had passed as a lumber-room during Maye Beauchamp's inspection of her children's new home.

"No, Peggy, there's no ogres here, and I think there's no fairies," he said mournfully. "Mrs. Bland talks so loud that they couldn't live in this place. They want very gentle voices, you know, Peg, and when Mrs. Bland was telling Jane about the broken saucer just now, why I'm sure they would have heard her at Haverford."

"It makes people hear when people talk loud," said Peggy contentedly. "Perhaps Jane is deaf."

"S'posing Mrs. Bland shouted at you like that if you broke anything," hazarded Stephen.

Peggy stopped short in her trotting steps. "I should go home to Patty," she said decidedly, and Stephen had not the heart to explain that there was no Patty any more.

It was not yet eleven o'clock, for the Beauchamps had made an early start, and the sun was shining on the fresh green of the oak leaves, and dappling the mossy sward beneath with threads of light.

"What shall we do?" he said at last, when the excitement of flinging up brown oak apples at a chattering squirrel had ceased to charm, and a wood-mouse had proved an unsatisfactory playmate, while a frog had indignantly resisted even temporary imprisonment.

"Walk," said Peggy, "to find muvver."

"We might walk for days and days," said Stephen with a quivering lip, "and we couldn't find her. I 'specs she lives under the earth now, with her feet against ours, like we read in a book."

"Couldn't we dig through with my spade?"

Peggy was very hopeful as visions of exciting excavations came to her, but Stephen checked the dream at once.

"If muvver had wanted us she would have took us with her—not have liked us coming through the wrong way up. Besides, Peggy, do you remember when we tried to dig to fire and couldn't even dig to water? And muvver is further than the fire."

"Oh!" said Peggy. "What shall we do?"

"Pay calls like she does."

Peggy slipped her hand into her brother's, for the thought was a brilliant one, and at that moment she would have heralded the arrival of any stranger with interest.

"There are some quite nice houses in the trees," continued Stephen cheerfully, "and if you want to know people, the way is to go and call. Muvver always did."

"Will it be dinner-time?" said Peggy's rosy lips anxiously.

"Oh no; and we might get cake when we are calling. Jane said there wasn't as much dinner as would feed a cockroach, let alone five hungry people. I heard her say so when Mrs. Bland asked her if there was any cold mutton left."

"I don't like cold mutton," whimpered Peggy; "I want my twicken." But thoughts of unwonted excitement in the shape of fresh acquaintances urged her to further attempts at self-control, and she knotted her bonnet-strings more firmly under her chin, and allowed her brother to lead her through the field gate into the road.

Frittingham village lay beyond the Manor Farm, and though it was small in size, yet a few houses of more important condition nestled in their own grounds by the river-bank above the small grey church. Stephen, as he came upon them from the road, gripped Peggy's small hot fingers in his own, and stood surveying the outlook thoughtfully. Then he selected a new-looking, red bungalow house, with a trim green garden leading up to a stained front door, and without hesitation opened the gate. The house and grounds bore evidence of refined occupation, and the rows

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of herbaceous plants and the borders of young rose-bushes told of loving hands that had planted them there, with an interest that was full of cunning knowledge. The house itself was a small, red-brick building faced with white, and the dainty curtains that hung across the windows were of cream-coloured muslin, fresh as the day itself.

No one was in sight, and the two children walked up the path unnoticed, with an interest that displayed itself from time to time in little animated remarks.

"There's a big fairy-bell flower, Stephen," cried Peggy, pulling him to where a clump of foxgloves stood up against the sky. She lifted herself upon tip-toe to look into the great white bells, but Stephen pulled her on.

"Muvver never did that when she called in Haverford. We must ring the bell," he said solemnly.

But when they reached the green door there was no sign of any bell, and the knocker that was in the form of a bronze fish was too far up for small hands to reach.

"What shall we do?"

Peggy's lips quivered a little, and she was on the point of tears, but her brother solved the question with a resolute foot, and then sat down on the grass to await events. They arrived in the shape of hurried steps in the hall and a hand upon the latch of the door. Stephen held his breath, for he could hear a high, clear voice within, no doubt talking of him.

"Oh yes, Margaret, it must have been the front door. I heard it quite distinctly. Don't be alarmed, mother dear, it can't be a tramp."

Stephen scrambled up from the grass. He had once seen a tramp, and the memory of the scowling, unsavoury individual in rags with his unkempt hair still remained with him.

"Indeed, I am not a tramp," he said loudly. "It is just Peggy and me come to call."

The door opened immediately as if by magic, and the figure of a girl appeared, framed by the cool dark hall behind her, and by two other faces looking a little anxiously over her shoulder. One glance placed her in full possession of the meaning of the pathetic dusty little figures in front of her, and her tact showed her the best way to treat them.

"How do you do?" she said gravely. "How nice of you to call. Mother, they are just two visitors; I will take them into the drawing-room, and Margaret shall bring them some cake and milk."

There was something about the charm of her sweet serene face as she held out a hand to each that went to the heart of Peggy, and she broke into a sudden wail—

"Oh, muvver, muvver!" and in another moment Stephen had followed suit, in spite of his advanced years and boasted bravery.

In an instant Peggy was whirled up by a pair of tender arms, and Stephen was swept into an enchanting room all furnished in cool green and primrose, where together their new friends dried their tears.

"Come, is that better? I hope you are not in any trouble?" she said, and her voice sounded like the wind blowing through a field of ripe corn at daybreak.

"Muvver went to India this morning," said Stephen's trembling lips, and the new friend understood at once.

"My poor little darlings. Never mind, you must turn all your thoughts to remembering that she will soon come back again. That is the best of people going away from home, you know—they always return; and while she is away we three must be friends. Where are you staying now?"

Peggy's bonnet was off and her yellow curls were being smoothed very gently.

"We are living at the Manor Farm," said Stephen, "and Mrs. Bland has pigs and chickens and a scolding voice."

"At the Manor Farm? Ah!" There was a note of something like dismay in their new friend's voice, but she checked it at once. "I know Mrs. Bland a little, and I will ask her to let me come and see you. But what are your names, you two little pets?"

"Stephen and Peggy Beauchamp; and what is yours, please?"

"My name is Lucinda Sweet."

"Then I shall call you Sweetheart," said Stephen promptly, "for I love you."

They spent the most agreeable half-hour after this, until Lucinda warned them that it was time for them to return to the farm, if they wished to be in time for their dinner. She even volunteered to show them the shortest way across the fields, and they started off from the door in admirable harmony. Margaret, the gaunt, elderly, Scotch servant sped them on their way with a blessing and a piece of cake,

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CHAPTER IV

and they had a brief interview with a delicate-looking lady who was lying on a sofa in an inner room.

When they left the old-fashioned garden behind them, they turned up the road at a new angle, which brought them out directly in front of a fine house set in a wooded hollow of the village.

"Who lives in there, Sweetheart?" said Stephen, surveying its handsome solid front and stone terrace on which peacocks were sunning themselves like amethyst bunches of feathers. There was a glimmer, too, of a lake away among the trees, and the shadow of a graceful swan that bowed and nodded under the low hanging willows as though he were admiring himself in the surface of the silver water. "Who lives there, Sweetheart?" said Stephen, looking away up the vista of park seen through the graceful iron-work of the great gates.

"A man who is very unhappy," said Lucinda in a gentle voice. "A man who has everything that he wants except the one thing that makes life worth living. He cannot see—he is blind."

"Do you know him, Sweetheart?"

Lucinda nodded. "Yes, I used to know him very well."

There was something in her voice so mournful that it was almost despairing, and it made Stephen, divining sorrow, look swiftly at her. But Lucinda's eyes were fixed on Peggy's yellow curls, and he could only see the droop of her mouth.

"I am sorry," he said wistfully. "Sweetheart, could we help him, Peggy and me?"

They were standing at the farm gate, and Lucinda's hand was on the topmost bar.

"Why, yes, dear," she answered slowly. "You could help him. You could go and call upon him, you and Peggy, in the same way that you came to me."

"We will," said Stephen, with a resolute nod. "Come along, Peggy, there's Mrs. Bland looking for us; I expect we're late." And Stephen took his sister's hand, and with a hasty kiss to his new friend, trotted off up the field.

"Peggy," he said, "we won't say anything about Sweetheart, 'cept Mrs. Bland asks us. She might say we wasn't to go to her, and I love her now; but of course if we are asked, soldiers always tell the truth."

"Love her too," said Peggy cheerfully, and with an eye to future cake and kisses she promised silence.

"The hearts of the little children are like the sun in heaven,

For through them half the tenderness of this sad world is given."

MRS. BLAND never asked Stephen where he and his sister had spent the first morning of their residence at Frittingham. It was a matter of indifference to her what they did, so long as they gave her no trouble, and it never entered into her head that they would form independent acquaintances of their own. She had made no friends since she came to the village, and had neither sought nor received any advances towards intimacy from any one. It was not her wish that any one should know what went on within the four walls of her house, and even her servant had been chosen from some distance away, so that no blabbing tongues might make free with what concerned the interests of the Manor Farm alone.

She kept a great number of animals that demanded her time and attention, and as she discovered that the Beauchamp children were quiet and independent in their amusements, she impressed upon them the hours at which their meals would be served, and was glad to be rid of them for the long summer mornings when her work occupied her. In the afternoons they were expected to do a little spelling from a dog-eared primer, and to exercise the fox terrier puppies on the lawn in front of the house. There might also be peas to shell, or weeding to do, and she only regretted that Peggy was not old enough to help her in the ironing and folding on washing days. She did teach Stephen to clean the knives and boots and to make himself generally useful, and he did not complain, although now and again he looked ruefully at his little hands, which soon grew rough and hard, and unlike the chubby baby fingers that his mother had left behind her.

Mr. Bland their host appeared at meal-times, when he seemed to be forcibly dragged to table by his wife, and to regard people with a far-away air as though they were hieroglyphics or monumental brasses. Peggy was frightened of him at first, for he appeared to look through her as though she were transparent, but she grew accustomed to him in time, and watched him eat his salt pork or indifferent mutton with as much relish as though

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it had been a dish of truffled ortolans. His wife only addressed him with contemptuous scorn now and again, devoting her whole attention to preventing the children from leaving any scraps on their plates, and discouraging them from taking too much coarse sugar with their porridge.

The food was a trial to Stephen, who had the delicate appetite of a child bred up in a hot climate, and he was punished so often for his daintiness that he began to wonder dismally whether it was a crime to desire finer nourishment than thick hunks of bread and salt butter, and weird slices of meat with fat upon them in unexpected places. Peggy fared better with a certain piquant defiance that ate daintily like a bird and evaded coercion. But she took life less heavily than her brother, and even her sorrows would fall lightly from her shoulders a moment after they had seemed impossible to endure.

There were elements of kindness about Mr. Bland, although he did not seem at first to realise the personality of the children. Sometimes he used to prowl about the house and grounds as though he had suddenly awoke to the fact that they belonged to him. In one of those rambles, during a spell of wet weather that had set in two days after the arrival of the children, he came upon Stephen, framed in the gloom of the knife-door house, cleaning a pair of boots. Perhaps it was the forlorn smallness of the little figure in the blue serge suit that arrested his attention, or perhaps it was some sudden pang of remorse, but the child looked up swiftly to see a stout, spectacled figure in a skull-cap staring at him from the arch of the garden door.

"Good-afternoon," he said politely. "I'm trying to do this properly, but I nearly scraped a hole in your boot, sir."

"Dear me; you're very small for this work," said Mr. Bland in a hollow voice. "I must see about it—see about it."

He shuffled into the house again, striving to keep his mind from wandering from the case in point, and encountered his wife in the passage, panting, after a sharp encounter with Jane, who had given her opinion forcibly on the iniquity of expecting an able-bodied woman with an appetite to subsist on salt fish for dinner three times a week.

"My dear," he said feebly, "surely that child is unfitted for the dirty work of boot

cleaning in which he is now engaged. What would his parents—what would——"

Mrs. Bland seemed to be one sudden flame of unexpected anger.

"Go back to your study," she cried. "I will not have you interfering in my business. Who lost every penny of my money in folly, and made me a pauper, I should like to know? You deserve penal servitude, Mr. Bland, and if you don't let me go my own way undisturbed, you will wish that you had had it."

She shook her fist in his face, and he retreated slowly backwards in helpless terror, until his study door shut him out from all the turmoil of a household that he had long ago ceased to hope to control.

A spell of wet weather, of dripping trees, and green lush fields had kept the children in for a day or two after their first visit to Lucinda. She had wondered now and again how they were faring at the Farm—had half determined to ask Mrs. Bland about them, and had finally decided that she could do more good by keeping silence where they were concerned and letting the future shape itself. She did not see them for a few days, but she was too deeply occupied with her own affairs to concern herself much about them, for Mrs. Sweet, who was always more or less of an invalid, had one of her attacks of heart trouble, that prostrated her and left her as weak as a child, and Lucinda found her thoughts engaged with her suffering mother. She lent one or two moments to wondering what had become of the quaint little couple, and Peggy's baby face and Stephen's pathetic eyes haunted her. Once, when there was a knock at the door, she went hastily to it, remembering her little visitors who had arrived so unexpectedly, and when it proved to be merely an uninteresting individual with a basket of apples to sell, she was conscious of disappointment.

But Stephen and Peggy were watching their opportunity of increasing their visiting list, and when it came at last, they set out hand-in-hand for the house of the man who had all he desired in life save the one thing needful. They passed the gate of the bungalow reluctantly.

"May we go inside? I want to see Sweetheart," said Peggy's mutinous red lips, but Stephen was resolute.

"No, Peg, muvver always said it was a mistake to call too often. Do you remember, when Mrs. James and Mrs. Potter

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"GOOD-AFTERNOON," HE SAID POLITELY

quarrelled, that she said it came from always running in and out? and we mustn't run in and out of Sweetheart's house."

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"Oh, no," said Peggy.

They had a whole long happy morning before them, for Mrs. Bland was very busy

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with the incubator, and they knew that their absence would not be commented on, for when hatching time was due meals were apt to be uncertain.

There was a freshness in the air after the rain that was delicious, and the soft south wind blew Peggy's hair about her face till her pink sun-bonnet looked as though it were strewn with glittering golden threads.

The woods of Frittingham Park lay green along the undulating slope that ran up to the cliff. Once the sea had washed inland to the ridge itself, and in its retreating, centuries back, had left the flat plain of the marshes behind it.

In at the great gates the children walked unhesitatingly, and the lodge-keeper, looking out from her window, thought they were guests for the house arriving with a note, since it was evident that they were of gentle birth. There were deer, shoulder deep in the brake, their gentle faces and fierce antlered heads showing above the fern and undergrowth, and Peggy was so enchanted with the sight of them, and the dozens of soft brown rabbits that danced in and out of the sunlight, that their progress was certainly delayed.

The stable clock was striking eleven when they walked up the stone steps between the marble lions that guarded the entrance, and finding the bell within easy reach, pulled it, and then paused half in fear and half in delight at the clangour of sound that seemed so long before it died away in the back regions. The bell was answered by an extremely correct footman in livery, whose face expressed no surprise at the sight of his master's visitors, but who concluded, like the lodge-keeper, that their errand was an important one. Stephen, never at a loss for words, found himself inspired with sudden dignity that invested the sailor suit with a grandeur it had never assumed before.

"Is the gentleman at home?" he said, hoping that Peggy's open-mouthed gaze at the vision in scarlet and black with marvellous silver hair was unobserved.

"Yes, sir. Lord St. Ives is at home. Did you want to see him?"

"Of course I do want to see him; that's what I comed for." Stephen's voice was so suddenly aggrieved that the footman blew his nose rather loudly, and appealed to a second man in plain clothes who was then crossing the hall.

"Mr. Tupton, here's a young gentleman and lady to see his lordship."

Mr. Tupton advanced, and proved to be a kindly-featured man of middle age, who bore on every inch of his person the sign manual of a "gentleman's gentleman." He looked at Stephen and Peggy for a moment with a subdued twinkle in his eye.

"You may go, James," he said loftily. "I will take them to his lordship myself;" and James reluctantly departed to discuss the event in the servants' hall.

"Would you believe it, Mary," he said to the upper housemaid, whom he encountered in the passage. "As sure as I stand here, there's two little kids as high as my hand come up the steps with as fine a manner as you please, asking for his lordship. They're the first visitors as have crossed the threshold for many a long month, for Mr. Tupton let them in, though I shouldn't wonder he gets the sack for doing it."

"Oh, he won't do that," said Mary, "he knows what he's about, and maybe he's thinking that their prattle may turn his lordship's thoughts."

Lewis Hamilton Vane, Lord St. Ives, lay on a sofa under the window, with the sun shining full down upon his face. He knew every inch of that view by heart, although his eyes had long ago been closed to the sight of the green trees and undulating meadows that were part of the great inheritance that had come down to him from his ancestors. Five years before he had lost his sight out hunting, and had also scarred and disfigured his face so that he could be called no longer "the handsome Vane." Five years before he had been on the threshold of the greatest happiness in the world, and had missed it then completely, becoming, during the weeks of his illness, a morose, hopeless man. He was only Lewis Vane then, a subaltern in a dragoon regiment, in love with a beautiful girl, but as yet unbound to her by any spoken word. That word would never be spoken now, he realised with dogged sullenness as he turned his face to the wall and shut himself out from friends and hope for evermore.

A few months later he had come into his inheritance and his title, and coming to Frittingham very quietly, had taken up there the life of a recluse, never leaving the grounds nor inviting any one inside his house. He was lying there listlessly now,

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with his melancholy face set in the stern lines that were familiar to it. His quick ears caught the fall of unaccustomed footsteps on the marble paving, and he turned sharply.

"Who is that, Tupton?"

The old impatience of his blindness took him, for his nerves were shaken by much loneliness.

"Who is that?" he cried again. "What do you mean by bringing people here?"

"Go on, sir," whispered Tupton a little

brokenly, pushing Stephen into the room with a gentle hand. "He is really glad to see you; it is only his way." Then aloud: "Visitors for your lordship. They are very little children, and I thought you would have no objection to seeing them."

And Tupton the wary, the cunning, went out and shut the door behind him, for he knew that very often the hand of a little child will effect a miracle that whole armies of grown-up people would fail in advancing one step upon its way.

(To be continued.)

The Highways and Byeways of Britain

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

SINCE travelling by train became the chief mode of progression throughout the length and breadth of Britain, its highways and byeways, as even every long-distance cyclist could tell us, have been very

much neglected. And now have come the days of motor-cars, and however much we men, who like to tool through the now lonesome though still very beautiful country to the music of the jingling of harness and



Photo by

A WELSH GLEN

Louis B. Watson

The Highways and Byeways of Britain

sweet tattoo of our horses' feet, may object to the *teuf-teuf*, it will stay the century out in one form or another.

The question whether it is worth while to make British highways and byeways more passable, and consequently safer, for all kinds of wheeled traffic, I do not lay myself out to discuss in this paper. Let me say, however, that more than eight years ago I endeavoured in the Press to point out the advantages that would accrue to all kinds of road-men, if a cinder-path 'twixt London and Edinburgh were made, to be used solely for motors and cycles. Anyhow, in the coach days, the roads must have been better kept up than they are now, for the old pumps used for watering them still stand like iron ghosts all along the Bath road. To keep up the roads some money must have been spent. Who paid?

The health and physique of Britain would vastly improve if the state of our roads presented even the ghost of a chance of a return to the land. But are real improvements possible? Assuredly so. Should motor men pay their share of these? That would be but fair. If a motor-car man is to be allowed the free use of roads which he pays not a cent to keep up, I think that he ought to be permitted to dine or drink at any inn on the highway he traverses, and to ride away without paying a bronze farthing.

This paper treats of the roads of Britain, however, mostly from the point of view of the tourist with chariot and horses. I have had sixteen years' experience of a life on the road in that most idyllic and perfect of all ways of travelling—by caravan, and ought to know as much about the highways of England and Scotland as any one.

Of the thirteen millions of people packed into forty cities in this Britain of ours, like as many herrings in filthy barrels, very few indeed have any notion of the health and beauty to be found every spring, summer, or autumn day in the cool green country. If they had, and were unable to afford horses and vehicles, they would walk, they would tramp and camp, rather than be carted away in trains as "cheap trippers" to the seaside. It is probably better for gentlemen gipsies like myself, that they do not possess such knowledge, for at the present time rural Britain belongs to us alone and to the wild birds.

The roads are ours, the woods and forests, the lonely magnificence of mountain lands,

strath and glen and meadow green, lake and linn and streamlet, ay and something more which city-dwellers know little about, happiness, health, and peace.

Roads Roman and Saxon

With the exception of the Roman ones, there are no really straight roads in the kingdom. The haughty Gauls, who first conquered the southernmost counties of Great Britain, or rather the whole of England and some Lowland shires of Scotland, went in a bee-line through the country. They knew the advantage of taking time by the forelock. Many of these roads are now beautifully tree'd avenues, while others, such as that from Wareham in the east to the old camp close to Bere Regis, lead through open and charming moorland. There is no waste ground by the sides of these.

But many of even our very best English roads are so winding in character that I have often wondered how they came to be evolved. They no doubt date back to the earliest ages, long before the Romans made so free with the land of our sires.

They were but footpaths at first, leading from hamlet to hamlet or village to village, and their trend was determined by many trivial circumstances. Men walking, especially lovers and their lasses, would naturally go a bit about to avoid a bog, a hill, a rock or stream. Not always the latter though, for the lover and his lass would think it great fun to wade the river at its shallowest part. The path once formed would soon become a bridle path as well as a bridal path; sheep and cattle would be driven along it also, and as agriculture of a more refined sort began to make progress, and country people laid out claims for themselves, the rubbish and stones from the cleared land would be thrown up along the side of the path, and wild bushes such as furze and bramble grow thereon.

Hedges and Fences

In course of time the rude barriers thrown up at each side of the narrow roads became transformed into the hedges and fences that are now so distinct and beautiful a feature in our midland and southern counties.

In all my romantic caravan wanderings these hedges were nearly always with us, one long-drawn-out summer delight. In shires where stone walls or wooden palings

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now and then took their place for a time, I feel sure even the horses were not quite happy until they again appeared.

Whenever I came to a part of the road where hedges were "neatly" trimmed, and probably a makeshift of a footpath appeared on the side of the road, I closed my notebook, for we were near to a town where vandalism and civilisation took the place of romance and poetry. Give me the hedge

elder, elm, or infant ash-trees, each and all have a beauty of their own. And it's oh! to see those same hedges when the wild roses spread over them in June, or the white bryony crowns them with its foamy foliage. Honeysuckle too is here, and the sweetly beautiful woody nightshade, and all beneath among the straggling grasses grow wild flowers too numerous even to name in this brief article.



THE CARAVAN ON A MOUNTAIN PASS IN THE GRAMPIANS

that bill-hook has seldom if ever come near since it began to grow. Its very ruggedness and vandyked irregularity lends to it an infinite charm. Little does it matter what these hedges consist of: blackthorn stuck over with snowy blossom in May; white-thorn with flowers in garlands pink and white; dwarf oak, with brown or crimson foliage; sycamores with broad sienna leaves that seem to have been dipped in glycerine, so sweetly do they glitter in the sunshine;

And yet that goggled horror, the motor person, grumbles because these wondrous hedges are not kept short that he may have a bird's-eye view of the scenery. No need of such sacrilege. He has only to put on the brake when he comes to a stile, and if not a speed-maniac, his eyes are feasted on charms he is never likely to forget.

The hedgerows would soon lose much of their charm were it not for the bees that,

The Highways and Byeways of Britain

themselves most beautiful, drone and hum over all this glory of colour.

Wild birds, for the most part unseen, make music in every bush, and lighten the heart of the wanderer as he goes trudging along.

The Widening of the Highways

There came a time when, as cities and towns grew bigger, the highways had to be widened; especially those that led Scotland way. This was partly because armies had often to be hurried up and away towards the Tyne and the Tweed to meet the fierce foe,—a foe that, bred in the wilds, cared little for roads, but chiefly because in times of peace huge herds of cattle and sheep had to be driven southwards to feed the good folk of London and other large towns.

Those who travel by road now-a-days, often marvel at the difference in width of these main highways in different places 'twixt hedge and hedge.

For miles one may journey along roads that, though fairly good in bottom, are closely flanked by enormous trees, that the wagoner often wishes he could shift; then all at once, for no apparent reason, the roads widen out from probably fifteen or twenty feet to seventy, and 'twixt fence and wheel-worn path are acres of rich and beautiful sward. But the riddle is easily read. These swards were left there on

purpose that herds of cattle and flocks of sheep might feed as they were driven slowly on towards the southern markets.

Many of these swards are now overgrown with dwarf bushes, with golden furze and tasseled broom, the mauve and prickly rest-harrow, or the irrepressible bramble. Others again are still luxuriantly covered with succulent grass, with clover red and white, and great patches of the scarlet-tipped orange flowers of bird's-foot trefoil. On these, errant gipsy folks, like myself, camp for the mid-day halt, and while horses graze or have the nose-bags on, cook, eat, drink, and enjoy the *dolce far niente* "*sub tegmine fagi*."

As a rule a stream of water or a cool pond in some tree-shaded glen is to be found not very far from these bee-haunted and restful swards.

The temptation to go in for forty winks after one's early dinner in places like these is often irresistible; the grass so soft; the perfume of flowers so enthralling; the murmur of bees and song of birds so soothing. The amateur gipsy soon gets accustomed to the presence of insect life, whether afloat in the air or busy in the grass. They are each and all too busy to think of him. Little creatures clad in fur peep out from the hedge-foot at him with dark beady eyes, a glittering, sheeny snake may glide past him or over him, but disturbs him not. He is sleeping the sleep of the just and the gipsy.

Pen in hand, I could linger long describing the incomparable beauty of English hedgerow and sward, but space forbids, and I reserve them for my dreams.

The Trees

The trees that almost everywhere stand in line on each side of the highways are, for the most part, beautiful in some way, yet, as a rule, all over England the vandalism of the wooden-headed agriculturist is very much in evidence. The elms especially are hacked and lopped till they lose all



ON A ROAD IN DEVON

The Highways and Byeways of Britain

resemblance to the real forest tree. And almost every other tree suffers in the same way, till neither grandeur nor dignity is left about lordly beech or ash or patriarchal oak. This is done, it may be said, so that they shall not hang too closely over the road, but the squire or farmer has neither method in his madness nor any sense of the beautiful.

Even Scotch fir-trees and the drooping drapery of the spruce are entirely spoiled. No one who has ever seen the wild Scottish pine with its brown spreading branches, its masses of ink-black foliage, and its wandering gnarled roots, could believe it to be the same tree as its poor distorted English brother. Lop the trees by all means, if they interfere with wheeled traffic, but, in the name of all that is noble in this England of ours, do it with an eye to art and beauty. I must not go off the highway, I suppose, else I should like to speak a pleading word or two in behalf of the trees in private parks, which are so often treated in precisely the same brutal fashion.

Good Roads and Bad

The best roads in Britain, although very good about Leamington and Warwick, are certainly not to be found in England but in Scotland, all through the Midlothians, but especially about Perth. Around the latter fair city they are all a wheel-man or horse-man could wish—level, wide, well kept, and splendid as to surface.

Even in the Highlands of Scotland—though not of course in the mountain depths—the roads are very much superior to those south of the silvery Tweed.

Nothing in Nature, for example, could beat the beauty of the road that leads from Inverness away to Beaulieu, and thence on through the Muir of Ord to Dingwall.



IN AN ENGLISH WOOD

The roads through Derbyshire, Durham, and Cumberland are probably the most horse-killing highways we have to negotiate. Especially is it so in the mining districts, where often, when your nags stop to breathe on a hill-top, you look down through a black, steep, wet tunnel, which seems to end far away in the very bowels of the earth itself. The traffic may be accountable for this. But there is another reason for the superiority of Highland roads. In Scotland the hills are mountains, and the road must wind through the straths and green valleys; in England the hills are simply hills, and the road takes you right over them.

One finds fairly good highways branching in almost every direction from London, but they go not very far. Then you are plunged into desert wilds, until you get in touch with large towns or the sea. And some of the seaside roads themselves,

The Highways and Byeways of Britain

though comparatively wide, are more like the beds of dried-up rivers than anything else.

The roads through the Black Country are *sui generis*, and my caravan experiences therein are terrible to look back upon. In Wales or in the Lake District the roads may be narrow, and they are generally give-and-take, but then you have beautiful scenery to reward your toil.

Down Dorset and Devon way they are often simply lanes, that, owing to the encroachment of rock and bank and tree, it would be almost impossible to widen. From Wareham to Swanage in wet weather the highways (tremendously hilly) are too dreadful to think of, and so narrow that an ordinary motor-car can scarcely get safely past a village cart.

In Surrey, Kent, and Sussex the scenery is all very charming, and although hilly one has little to complain of.

By far and away the most beautiful and romantic road in Great Britain is that which leads from Perth *via* Dunkeld, Pitlochry, Struan, Dalwhinnie, and to the left from Carr Bridge right over the Caledonian Alps, and down through beautiful forests which last into Inverness itself. With a very large house-upon-wheels and a pair of spirited horses, there is, of course, a spice of danger, but one's reward is very great. Even those that journey up the Tay by train, Killiecrankie way, see some of the

wonders of this enchanting district, but only by road can it be appreciated in full. There is an easier way by which I have twice or thrice driven to Inverness, hugging the eastern shores of England and Scotland all the long way to Aberdeen, thence striking through the Donside Highlands, the beauty of which is so little known to the tourist, then by the coast-line from Banff or Elgin. This is a very pleasant tour and has much to recommend it: the sea-scapes, for instance, or the tree-scapes, especially the forest lands of Forres.

Finger-Posts

Down south these are kept in fairly good order, but the farther north you get the more dilapidated and dissipated-looking do they become, till they are quite unreliable, and in Scotland itself they are, for the most part, conspicuous by their absence. You must be possessed of a good Scotch tongue, and when in doubt climb a hill and look ahead, or call at a cottage and "spier." Cottages, however, are few and far between in the Grampians. You might travel for twenty miles and not see one, nor a soul to ask a question of, but as there is only one road and plenty of "snow posts," you are hardly likely to go far astray. These posts are meant to show where the path is in winter, when every gully is filled to the lip with driven snow.

In the south the average policeman makes but a poor finger-post. He is willing to direct you, though standing right in front of one his "turn to the right" means your "turn to the left."

How British Roads are Kept

Well, fifteen-sixteenths of their surface are neglected entirely, taking them all and all. They are allowed to hang as they grow, and in the lanes and byeways you can see grass, poppies, and



LONESOME HIGHWAYS IN YORKSHIRE

The Highways and Byeways of Britain

even furze growing between the deep wheel-ruts, and more than once I and my merry men have had to alight and saw or chop up a fallen tree which may have lain there for a week. The metal for mountain rounds is the rough unbroken shingle dug out of the hillsides. This plan of keeping up the roads cannot be bettered in lonesome wilds, but in the frequented districts of England, and especially near towns, the method of metalling is a disgrace to this country. It is usually done at the wrong season of the year, and instead of one-half of the road being negotiated at a time, it is metalled all across, and the road thus rendered almost impassable. The cruelty to horses from so slovenly a method need hardly be pointed out.

Fords, Bridges and Old Toll-Bars

There is a great deal of weird beauty and romance about the old-fashioned English bridges. We meet with few of the really Gothic build now-a-days. There is no question about their stability, and they are good for vehicles of short draught, but if the carriage is a very long one, the after half is left in the air when the fore-part begins to descend, and the timbers are thus greatly strained.

Fords are nearly out of fashion, but now and then we come to a river that runs athwart the road on a sandy bottom. It is best to rush it, as horses on a summer's day may want to lie down therein—my own have done so several times—and this is a trifle awkward.

There are many bridges in Britain at which you have to pay toll before you cross. This runs from sixpence to one-and-six. If you want some real good fun, you can always have it when you come to a toll-bridge. You have only to pretend that you don't mean to pay, then you shall see what you shall see.

Toll-bars proper are now a thing of the past, but the houses remain, and you see them everywhere, and cannot mistake them, for the gable stands toward the highway with a door in the centre of it and a window on each side.

After having been so long on the road as a gentleman gipsy, my opinions may be not altogether unreliable. Here they are in brief, and they may be taken for what they are worth:—

i. The highways and byeways of Britain could be vastly improved at comparatively small cost.

ii. They should be widened so as to permit motors, steam carriages, and large wagons to pass each other easily.

iii. Although all road-men would miss their beauty, the vast tracks of sward—tens of thousands of acres—might be sold and cultivated.

iv. W-shaped hilly pitches should be brought nearer to a level.

v. Wherever possible, the road should wind round a long hill instead of going over it.

vi. More attention should be paid to the surfacing of byeways, and bridges widened; thousands of the latter are very dangerous to heavy traffic.

vii. There should be laws to regulate the metalling of roads, with reference to the size and cleavage of the stones used—flints mean horse slaughter—rolling, and the season of the year.

viii. Toll-bars should be resuscitated for the encouragement of the steam traffic and motor-men.

ix. And lastly. If the roads of this great country were improved as I suggest, all kinds of country produce would find its way to London and all large cities by motor; in towns we should have better food and cheaper; those portions of England which are now howling wildernesses would be cultivated; country hamlets would become pretty villages, and villages would expand into clean and beautiful towns; railway fares would be cheapened by half, and the wretchedness and misery of East-End life in London would be minimised. In the country we could give work to starving millions, we should not have even alien emigration to fear; with the increase of work drunkenness would diminish, the cry would be, "Back to the land," and the physique and health of our people would increase from year to year.



A University Built in a Year

BY DAVID WILLIAMSON

A UNIVERSITY built in a year? Of course it was in America that I discovered this remarkable instance of speed in the cause of education. But it was in the most unlikely place for a University, judged by our English standard.

notice, not simply because of the extraordinarily short time so fine a University took to be erected, but because of the courage and skill which led to such a record piece of work.

Early in the morning on December 11,

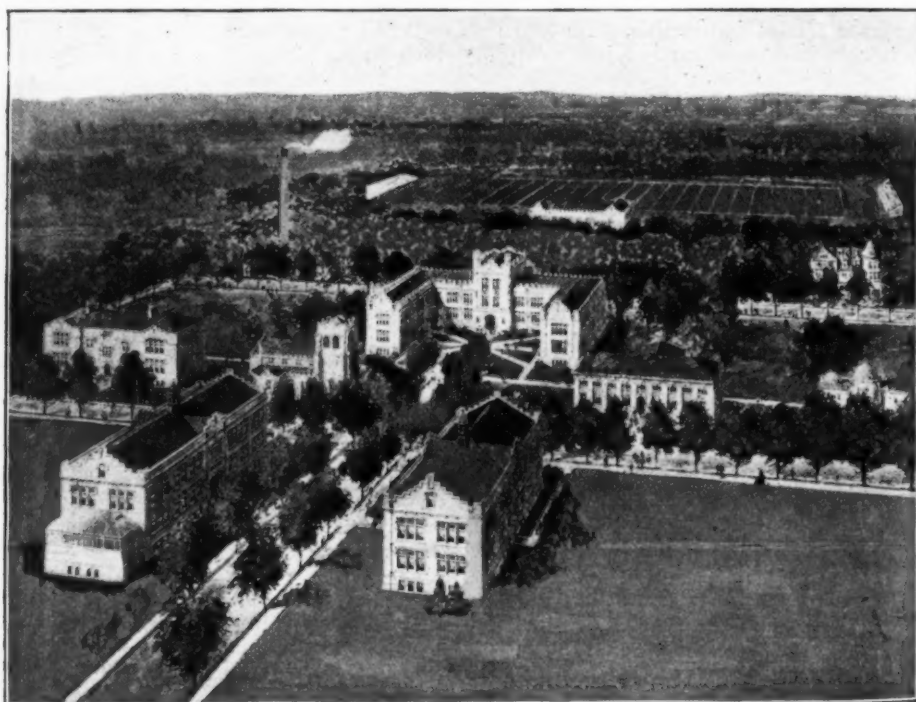
TAYLOR-HALL.

HEATING-AND LIGHTING PLANT.

KAUKE HALL.

GYMNASIUM.

HOOVER COTTAGE.



SCOVILL HALL.

CHAPEL.

SEVERANCE HALL.

LIBRARY.

OBSERVATORY.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WOOSTER, OHIO

On the outskirts of a little town in the State of Ohio, which though it had a daily newspaper had only six thousand inhabitants, was a magnificent University, equipped in the most modern manner with every idea which could assist education. Yet it had arisen on that lovely hill in exactly one year from the day when its predecessor, a much less imposing structure, had been burned to the ground. Surely such a remarkable achievement is deserving of

1901, flames were seen to be bursting from the chemical laboratory of Wooster University, Ohio; in less than one hour the whole of the main building was demolished. Scientific laboratories with valuable fittings, the museum, the organ, libraries, and many other adjuncts were destroyed completely. In fact, when old students visit the place they see hardly any familiar sight except the caretaker, whose years of service are now exceeding those of most of the officials.

A University Built in a Year

What happened when this terrible misfortune occurred? The President of the University was absent from home, but the Faculty summoned a meeting while the flames were still illuminating the horizon, and decided to commence re-building. The students rallied with enthusiasm to their support, and the President returned to Wooster to be welcomed by crowds of people who pledged themselves to do all in their power to replace the destroyed University. The day after the fire the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees met and began to formulate plans for the new building. Their first decision was not to risk again the placing

of their treasures all in one building. I must mention here that the money received from insurance only amounted to about £11,000. The ideas of the trustees, extended by the inspiring enthusiasm of Dr. Louis E. Holden, President of the University, soon reached to the erection of five buildings to cost not less than £50,000. That seemed a tremendous responsibility, but the very greatness of the scheme helped its success. Not only was the original total of cost obtained, but the

were. They laid their idea of a group of five buildings before Mr. Severance, and he

University as it now stands represents more than double that sum, for it has cost about £110,000. It rejoices in the possession of the finest college plant in Ohio, a State which has given close attention to education and is rich in colleges.

There is a fascination about any story of courage, and so I think every reader will be interested in the incidents which preceded the triumphant opening of Wooster University on the first anniversary of its destruction. First of all, let me relate how the money was obtained. A friend who had shown an interest in the University, Mr. Louis H. Severance, of Cleveland, asked the trustees what their plans



DR. LOUIS EDWARD HOLDEN
President of Wooster University, Ohio



KAUKE HALL, THE CHIEF BUILDING, WOOSTER UNIVERSITY, IN WINTER

A University Built in a Year



THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WOOSTER UNIVERSITY

said that he would give £10,000 so that one of these buildings might be constructed. "Severance Hall" cost its generous donor £12,500 in all, but he and every one else are agreed that it is well worth the money. It may be described as the most up-to-date scientific department in any University built recently. On each floor there is a lecture-room with accommodation for one hundred and twenty students. I should like to describe each student's desk in the chemical laboratory as an example of the thoroughness of the equipment of the whole building. The top of the desk is of alburne stone; around the desk there are cold water, gas, a sink, a hood with strong down-draft, an electric current, a filter-pump, a balance, and a set of reagents and apparatus. I said to my guide that there would be no excuse if Wooster failed to produce some Liebig's and Edison's, considering the splendid scientific education that it gives.

The next step in the provision of a new University was taken when Mr. Andrew Carnegie offered £20,000 if the full plans of the trustees were carried out, and if an equal sum was raised within sixty days from December 21. The citizens were put on their mettle by this challenge; they canvassed every possible donor in the county, and met the requirements with a day to spare! When Dr. Holden first approached Mr. Carnegie on the subject, he did not meet with immediate success. Mr. Carnegie said that he did not think he could do anything for Wooster. "Well," said President Holden, "I'm beginning to

feel like the man who went down to Jericho. The priest and the Levite have looked at the ruins of our University, and then passed by on the other side. Now that they have 'sandbagged' me, I thought it was time to turn to the Good Samaritan." The illustration caught Mr. Carnegie's attention; he laughed, and asked for more details as to what the district meant to do. By and by he offered £10,000 as a challenge. Dr. Holden was emboldened to plead for an even larger sum, seeing that the needs were so

great. "I never met with such a beggar as you are," said Mr. Carnegie, and, to the President's delight, he increased his offer to £20,000.

But it must not be thought that the giving was all on this big scale. The rank and file of the community did their part nobly, and at least five thousand people took a hand in providing Wooster with its new University. The Library was the gift of Mr. H. C. Frick in memory of his parents. It contains already 23,000 volumes, and is supplied with most of the leading reviews and magazines. I was interested in seeing rows of bound volumes of British magazines of the high order of *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Nineteenth Century*. There is an alcove in the library devoted solely to missionary literature, and it has one thousand volumes. From Wooster already forty-four missionaries have gone forth, and many more will follow.

Scovel Hall, a companion building to Severance Hall, is used for tuition in Biology, Geology, and Mineralogy; it has a conservatory with aquaria, ponds, and plant-beds, and everything else necessary for a complete course. Taylor Hall is used for preparatory study. Besides having twelve fine class-rooms, it possesses an auditorium with seats for four hundred and fifty, in which concerts and lectures are given under the pleasantest conditions. The various literary societies, which are such a popular feature of college life in America, have their habitations in Scovel Hall; and very attractive their rooms are made to look by the

A University Built in a Year



SEVERANCE HALL, WOOSTER UNIVERSITY

skill and taste of the students. On the third floor is an art school, lighted excellently.

The beautiful chapel I saw under delightful conditions, for I was present on Graduation Sunday, when the graduating class of about thirty-five students stood up to listen to the wise counsel given by the President of the University at the conclusion of his sermon on the Heavenly Vision. It was sunshine inside and outside of the chapel that afternoon, and from long distances the relatives and friends of the graduating class had driven in order to be present. The music was rendered by the large choir, and about one thousand people were assembled for a memorable service. The organ was the gift of Mrs. Livingston Taylor, and the chapel itself was the gift of Mrs. Davidson, of Chicago, and other friends.

In describing the new building I have left to the last Kauke Hall, which stands on the site of the main building destroyed by fire. It is from a fine design by Mr. Lansing C. Holden, the well-known New York architect, and the English visitor recognises with pleasure the influence of Oxford and Cambridge college archi-

tecture in its conception. It is capitally adapted to every modern need, and contains the offices of the University and lecture-rooms. It cost over £27,000 to erect, and does the utmost credit to the architect, who also planned Severance Hall and Seovel Hall.

This does not exhaust the list of buildings which constitute the University, for there are also the following: A splendid conservatory of music, a gymnasium, an observatory, a residence for about seventy women students, and a house with heating and lighting plant. It was

this last-named building which some one suggested wittily should be named after the President of the University, as it was the Power House of the place, and he had been the chief driving force in the University!

It is time to tell of the students who come and occupy these fine halls of learning. Many of them are of that large class in the States who are so eager for a good education that they "work their way through" college—that is, they work for part of the time in order to receive education the rest of the time. I met with young fellows who lighted furnaces early in the morning for factories, and then hurried off to lectures



HOOVER COTTAGE, THE RESIDENCE OF SEVENTY WOMEN STUDENTS

A University Built in a Year



THE MCKINLEY BELL, PRESENTED TO WOOSTER UNIVERSITY
BY SENATOR MARK HANNA

on Latin or geology. I saw others who did gardening, waited in restaurants, or helped in house-work. Some at Wooster will earn the money they require by selling magazines in the district around the University; some of the young women would do domestic work for their college expenses. Let me relate one story out of many which I heard, showing the intense desire for a college education. One day there arrived at the President's house a young fellow, begrimed with dust and worn with travel. He had trudged from a town five hundred miles away, and asked if he could enter the University and work his way through. Just at that time there was no employment to be obtained, but the President could not turn away a man who had taken so much trouble, so he found him some work about his own premises. The student justified this decision, for he has proved a hard worker and has done very well in his classes. Another student whom I saw was a Jap who had actually run away from Japan in a vessel as a stowaway, and in mid-ocean was discovered by the captain, who was so impressed by the boy's intense desire to be educated in America that he treated him very kindly. He has worked his way through Wooster with satisfactory results. The maximum charge for tuition in the University would be about £15 per annum, and this is only possible because there is an endowment which Dr. Holden

and the trustees are now seeking to increase to £200,000. I have every belief that they will obtain this handsome sum, judging by their success in the past and the excellent work which the place is doing.

There is one feature of the work which will surprise British readers. Instead of slackening down during the warm summer vacation, more than four hundred teachers from different parts of Ohio take a course of study to fit them all the better for their ordinary tasks. This summer school is growing in popularity every year, and is now the second largest connected with any University in the United States.

The religious aspect of the University must be emphasised. It is primarily a Christian institution, and its connexion with

the Presbyterian denomination assures its rigid adherence to this ideal. Of course, the students are not nearly all Presbyterians, for that is not required of them. I was delighted to learn that 97 per cent. of the students are avowed Christians, a most extraordinary proportion for a college of this size. Bible study holds a prominent place in the daily curriculum, and most of the students take further Bible study in connexion with either the Y.M.C.A. or Y.W.C.A. During the thirty-two years in which Wooster University has educated about six thousand men and women, 279 have become ordained ministers; 130 have become teachers; 50 are professors; 44 are in the mission field; one has risen to be Governor of a State; 117 are in the legal profession; 72 are physicians; nine are presidents of Colleges; and many more have attained distinction in other walks of life. Close to the college buildings I saw the Presbyterian Homes for children of foreign missionaries; the children, when they are old enough, attend the University, and this is one more claim on the loyal support of that denomination.

I have written for the most part of the work side of the college. Let it not be supposed that recreation does not have a proper share of the students' life. A visit to Wooster would soon dispel any idea like that, for you would see a splendid recreation ground in process of formation,

A University Built in a Year

on which many a pleasant game is played. The students fenced in the ground, and have done much to make it a suitable place for athletic exercise. Then there are gymnasia, and I believe that there is a dream in the mind of the President of a still better gymnasium, which is to be built later on in the rear of Kauke Hall. The happy faces and healthy looks

of the students testify to the active life they lead in outdoor games as well as in study. The University stands on the highest ground in Ohio, and it will be content with no record less than the highest. Every one from the President downwards is animated by a just pride in its past attainments and a steady determination that Wooster shall flourish.



Day of Delight

TARRY no longer, Maid most sweet,
To bind thy tresses in array,
For I can hear in sunshine beat
The sanguine heart of holiday.

Come in thy homespun frock to me,
Than velvets of a queen more fair,
And let this gipsy weather be
The cordial playmate of thy hair.

The hyacinth and the harebell blue
Are married in the cloudless dome;
The lark is almost out of view
Above the wife that keeps his home.

I grant the bird on fire with song,
And yet despise his narrow zest:
Could he but hear how broad and strong
The chant that thunders in my breast!

For I to-day with thee am paired
To wander woods and follow streams,
With brow and spirit finely bared,
And heart unpacked of fevering dreams.

And where beside some eloquent brook
Moss spreads an emerald counterpane,
Deep in thy soul my soul shall look
For heaven and angels, not in vain.

There shall it profit me to learn
Thy starry stature, and to fear
That of a sudden thou may'st burn
A lamp too bright for me to bear.

And when within the heavenly fold
The eyes of lambskins, silver-fleeced,
Begin to sparkle as of old
Along the hillside of the east,

Home will I take thee, and entrust
Thine excellence to solitude,
Incredulous that man is dust,
And sure of angels in the wood.

Tarry no longer, Maid most sweet,
To bind thy tresses in array,
For I can hear in sunshine beat
The sanguine heart of holiday.

NORMAN GALE.

His Poor Lordship

A FANTASTIC STORY

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

LORD MENLOE, a poor nobleman and a writer of poems, on the strength of a present of meat resolves to give a dinner-party. On the strength of the dinner-party he engages, in addition to Thady, his old man-servant, a butler who offers his services and gives his name as James James.

But on the day before the dinner, Menloe himself, touched by the tale of a tramp, led him to the larder and told him to help himself. On the day of the dinner, to which the Bishop and other local personages of importance had been invited, Menloe writes poetry till ten o'clock at night. He had forgotten the dinner-party. And James, finding no meat in the larder, told the guests when they arrived that his Lordship had had a fit, and they had all gone home at once.

Next day many came to inquire, but James was equal to the situation, and had straw on the avenue and a bulletin posted on the gate. That evening there arrive from Canada Miss Persephone Tite and her mother. The mother takes James for Lord Menloe, and Menloe, hoping thus to get rid of them, at first acquiesces in the mistake. But it soon becomes serious, for after dinner, James, as Lord Menloe, invites them to stay the night. Next morning Menloe gives James a bit of his mind.

CHAPTER XL.—SIR THOMAS QUAIN WEEPS



SUDDENLY Menloe's manner changed. "But, though I can allow a good deal," he said severely, "to a man who steps into a breach, I can't excuse barefaced—" "Lies" was on his lips, but under the calm gaze of James the phrase lengthened. It came out "romantic inventions."

"I don't quite understand," said James.

"Oh, come; all that—" Menloe stopped, tender of a harsh word: then he hardened himself; "that twaddle—that farrago—that hash—

that inconceivable rot about Aunt Eustacia. Why, man alive, the dates—the people—you jumbled things together like a mad-man's dream."

James's eyelids fluttered; a dangerous spark broke from the eyes beneath them. He controlled himself with difficulty, but he did control himself.

"I think I began by saying," he answered, "that when it happened I was quite a child."

Menloe stared in amazement. If James

were joking, James's jokes, like Ezekiel's bones, were very dry.

At that moment a voice was heard in the staircase gallery—the voice of Persephone.

"Look here," said James, "we must come to an understanding. I have a character—a reputation to support." He spoke with such restrained sincerity that Menloe, remembering the plight in which the man had come to him, hated himself for the meanness of the recollection. "Since it was for your sake," James went on, "that I entered into this, I rely on your sense of justice not to give me away. I should look"—James seemed to push the thing from him as an abhorred incongruity—"ridiculous; simply ridiculous."

"Well," said Menloe, "perhaps I should look a bit of a donkey too."

"More than a bit," said James, "much more than a bit. Then you agree?"

"Ye-es,—I suppose so—to what do I agree?"

"As long as these ladies stay, I have your word that you will support me in my part; that under no circumstances—no circumstances whatever—"

Persephone was in the hall; time did not serve for exact verbal contract. James held out his hand, and Menloe took it.

The bargain was sealed.

Persephone came into the room with a burst of sunshine.

"Surely," thought Menloe, "a very comely creature—as such creatures go; amiable, too—if the feline nature ever can be amiable."

His Poor Lordship

Persephone knew how to dress. Her colours were as natural to her as the finch's to him, and no leopard was ever better groomed.

Menloe found himself trying to note the details of her costume. He was just on the point of deciding that her bonnet—so he mentally described her elaborate hat—was like a mushroom in its tint and texture, when he was pulled up short.

"James," said James, "you can leave us."

Flurried, and a little angry, Menloe stalked out of the room. In the kitchen there was trouble for Menloe. Wherever he went, thither went also Thady's eye. Never could he stand for a moment, but a furtive hand caught up a cold compress. To assure Thady that he was not on the verge of another seizure was worse than throwing words away.

"I know it, darlin' jewel, I know it right well," Thady would answer with conviction, but with the last word there was always the dab of a towel.

At last, in desperation, Menloe locked him up in the turf-house, whence his howls went up to heaven.

Nor had Menloe better success with the maid. With great difficulty—for at first she hovered about the passages ready to run on the slightest alarm—he coaxed her into the kitchen. It was only after he had retired to the opposite end of the kitchen that she would attempt to light the fire, and hardly had she begun laying the turf when a sneeze from Menloe sent her off like a hare.

Menloe had to go to work himself, and he was not lucky. At last, however, he did produce a thick blue smoke; certainly it stung the eyes; conceivably it might boil eggs. Eggs there were in plenty, and of several kinds—that was a comfort; and now he looked about him, there were many other things to eat: trout, for example, and grouse, and an unseasonable hare—all poached from Menloe's land and water. A tolerable turkey hung beside a miserable little hen, with vast reaches of leg and a wrinkled, yellow, almost invisible body; there was a ham, too, with several pieces of bacon, and there were many pounds of butter.

Menloe was much surprised. How did it come about that they were so victualled?—nay, now that he thought of it, had been so victualled since James's arrival. James

might be an admirable manager, but no economy can beguile milk from a milestone. Really it was very queer. Menloe might have feared that James was making free with the credit of the house, had he not recognised a home-industry look about all the contents of the larder. Those things that had not come from stream or moor had come from neighbouring cottages. Butter and bacon were innocent of brand; he knew the guinea-hen by sight and the turkey to bow to—the guinea-hen who had offered her eggs; the turkey who had offered herself.

Were these the gifts of sympathisers with Menloe in his illness? Had the lady who wished him not to die, wired or posted the yellow hen as an incentive to life?

He was shaking his head in great perplexity when his question seemed to have some hint of an answer. A little boy came up whistling and carrying a large green-white cabbage nearly as hard as a cannon-ball. Suddenly catching sight of Menloe, he drew back, and would have run, cabbage and all. As it happened, however, James came up from behind, and to him with a singular look—a look of familiar devotion—the child rendered his cabbage.

"Good boy," said James, patting him upon the head, and yet in his manner there was something of the priest receiving tithes.

While that child turned to go, another came up; a girl this time, and none other than Molly Molony. With a pretty little curtsy, that implied reverence and fellowship, Molly held out a little paper. It was an ounce of tobacco: Menloe knew the brand—the only packet-tobacco on sale in the "town." Again did James, receiving, almost bless. Menloe could not make it out, but he would try and pump it out.

"James," he said, stalking out of the larder, "what in the world is going on? One might almost think that we were on our keeping and the folks were bringing tribute in."

Even as Menloe spoke, recollection came like a stab. That likeness to the woodcut on the police-notice! There it was, sharper than Menloe had seen it yet, in James's Irish face, half-flattered with the child's offering, half-insulted by Menloe's question. That it was half-insulted Menloe could not doubt, and, among many other wonders, he found time to wonder at that.

"I hardly think," said James with frigid

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grandeur, "that it becomes you to ask, or me to answer."

"I don't understand," Menloe began to say.

James cut him short. "I see that," he said: "you do not understand your position."

He turned round and without a word opened the door of Thady's prison.

Sobbing and trembling, yet light and ghost-like as ever, Thady came out. He struggled for words, he looked round for a weapon. Then James laid a hand on his shoulder: "I bid you be quiet," he said, unconsciously or intentionally gliding into the heart of the vernacular, and Thady's passion was over. "Be getting brekwist now," James added, "be getting brekwist, daddy, like a good little man."

"Deed I will, thin," Thady answered in miraculous submissiveness; "why not, Mick?" With that, a very lamb, he fell to his work.

A moment after, James's influence again was displayed. Standing in the courtyard he whistled, a whistle long and rasping as a syren; then he called, "Molly, Molly, come here to me, like a good child."

Straightway from some lurking-place the little serving-maid came into view. When she caught sight of Menloe her eyes grew large with terror. James, however, passed his hand over her shoulders in a half-caress of encouragement, and her fears seemed to fall from her. Dropping a curtsy to Menloe, she entered the kitchen and fell to energetic setting of cups and saucers.

Menloe's mind was much exercised. That singular power of pacification might be hypnotic in its nature; certainly there was in James an influence to be felt rather than to be defined. That, however, hardly could account for all that Menloe had discovered. Personal magnetism could not victual the house as something about James had been doing.

Again Lord Menloe looked at the man. Under its reticence, its soft self-subdual, the lines of O'Gorman's face lay clear. Knowing his country's tender sympathy with all who break the law, Menloe shook his head in unwilling conviction. There was not much doubt that the gentleman to whom the style and status of Menloe were pawned was as ferocious a villain as ever broke head or gaol. A hundred pounds might have come into the pockets of any poor man in that poor village. Not a

beggar would stoop—not a tramp would dare—to claim the Government's money. O'Gorman was the honoured guest of Ireland.

But he was not, Menloe thought, an ideal Fourth Baron. His reputation was that of a leveller; no one had shown more conclusively than O'Gorman the wickedness of owning anything. Yet he was at home among spoons with armorial bearings; he looked appreciatively at family portraits. As butler, in all his soft-footed ways he had shown an hereditary deference; now in his brief nobility he seemed to show an hereditary pride. Again Menloe shook his head—this time in perplexity. Indeed, he was more than perplexed. He was annoyed and worried. It was bad enough to have those doubts concerning his butler; it was worse to have to stand behind his chair; it was worse yet to know that some of his neighbours half-believed him, Menloe, a ghost, while others fully believed him a lunatic.

Just as he was following James out of the kitchen, Menloe's eye fell on a book. It was his old Peerage, and had no business there. He took it up, and it opened at his own name. What was this? In a laboriously neat hand—a hand that reminded Menloe of his own best caligraphy—there were two erasures: for *Lucius, 4th Baron*, was substituted *William, 5th Baron*.

In the name of wonder what could it mean? The writing Menloe identified as James's fist, but what could it mean? The Christian name of O'Gorman, Menloe remembered, pertinently or the reverse, was William. Standing there, more puzzled than ever, Menloe discovered, now that the stout Peerage was removed, another smaller volume. He took up that too. It was called *Traits and Stories of Noble Families*.

It was all very queer.

An hour later, having previously performed on the gong, Menloe stalked into the dining-room in an official capacity. He bore a hot-water silver dish containing bacon and eggs. In depositing that dish—awkwardly enough to threaten universal parboiling—he contrived to lay at Persephone's side the poem of his love.

It was some little time before she noticed it, for at that moment the postman came.

That morning, as it happened not infrequently, there were no letters, but merely a local paper, *The Cork Sunbeam and Limerick Typhoon*.

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"Bring it to me," said James, and rather sulkily Menloe laid it beside him.

"Pray excuse me," said James to his guests, "I thought there might——"

He was interrupted by a little scream.

"My goodness," cried Persephone, "look at that. Why, it has a black border, and a portrait, and head-lines all about *you*."

James clucked in gentle annoyance.

"Really," he said, "they——"

At that moment Persephone's bright eyes rose suddenly, embracing Menloe, as it seemed, in something arch and sly. His curiosity was piqued. He leaned forward and stared, shortsightedly, at the engraving.

It seemed to be a picture, an unflattering picture of O'Gorman, but it bore the legend: "A late portrait of his late Lordship."

Scanning the headlines, Menloe made out so much——

AFFECTING SCENES.

VERY LITTLE HOPE.

SIR THOMAS QUAIN WEEPS.

DEATH OF LORD MENLOE.

Menloe snatched the paper out of James's hand, hardly avoiding Persephone's little nose. "This is all your confounded meddling!" he roared. "I shall never hear the last of it—it's the most disgusting——"

James turned round—and so did Persephone—eyeing his spluttering fury. "James," he said, with calm severity, "you forget yourself."

Menloe reflected. "Yes," he said, convicted of a thing that his soul abhorred, a breach of faith, "I'm afraid I do."

"Then remember yourself," said James, calmer and more severe.

"I beg your pardon," Menloe answered, "it was a pure mistake."

"James," said James, with great severity, "you are behaving outrageously, and I know why. Bring me that whisky-bottle."

Persephone gave a start, and looked from James to Menloe with a puzzled face; also with a puzzling face; its look was incredulous, vexed, angry. Then it underwent a swift change; jumping up, she said in a voice, like her eyes, shocked and compassionate, "James, will you take the pledge?"

Angry, yet welcoming chucklingly the absurdity of the thing—"No," said Menloe; "yes, I don't——"

Persephone ran up-stairs, and returned

in a moment. She beckoned Menloe into the hall.

"*All* intoxicating liquor," she said; "oh, James, you'll need help, won't you?"

"Not a bit," he answered, with a growl and a snigger, and fell to signing the card. Unaccustomed to write in so restricted a space he was rather slow in effecting a signature. All the while Persephone watched him with a sharp scrutiny.

"I got a bit of schooling," Menloe said; "that is not a bad fist, is it, for a poor serving-man?"

"No," Persephone answered; "it is like Lord Menloe's. We corresponded, James, about—oh, about French, and that—the subjects wouldn't interest *you*, James—but I know Lord Menloe's hand quite well, and yours is like it."

"Perhaps it is," said Menloe.

At that moment the gaze of James, angry, almost malignant, drew his attention.

"The bottle," said James, with a thump on the table, "bring your degrading bottle."

Red as a peony, and yet comforted by the excellence of the joke, Menloe withdrew. Fidgeting here and there, he found at last a half-filled bottle, and handed it to James.

Rising, James flung it ferociously out of the window. Menloe glared at James, doubled his fist and rushed out of the room.

When he re-entered the dining-room, the first words that fell on Menloe's ears were these: "Well—at the very outside—a week."

He looked from face to face, and those words' impossible meaning became inevitable. James was gently flushed with hospitality. Mrs. Tite and Persephone wore the unmistakable look of persons over-persuaded to do what they want.

Menloe glowered at James as he stood behind his chair. He glowered so hard that James rubbed the back of his head—which was the part affected by the gaze; but the invitation and the acceptance held good.

During that morning Menloe had several meetings with Persephone. Always her eyes and sometimes her voice asked a question, "Kept it so far?" Once she even said, "If you feel a kind of sinking, make yourself a cup of coffee."

To all of these questions, Menloe answered, "Yes, lady, so far."

He prided himself particularly on the knowledge of life implied in that word

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"lady," permitted to graze, but not to touch, the cockney sound; and always, a little after its delivery, he exploded with a sense of ginger-beer in the nose. On all of those occasions Persephone shook her head, and uttered an almost inaudible "Tchut-tchut!"

Once, when Menloe was gazing short-sightedly at a cat, Persephone took it up and stroked it ostentatiously. She must have judged it encouraging to Menloe to know that it was a real cat.

That little object lesson so completely upset Menloe, that absolutely he rushed into Lady Di's wood, carrying with him a tray of glasses, and writhed in the bracken.

It was horribly vexatious that this doom of laughter should lie upon him, for it deepened Persephone's conviction that he went attended by toads, apes, and little black dogs.

CHAPTER XII.—"WE'LL HANG MENLOE ON A SOUR-APPLE-TREE"

IT would have been a curious thing, in any personality less whimsical than Menloe's, that the absurd position into which he had been thrust should begin to have its charm. In him it was almost inevitable.

It was from the quarter of Persephone that the pleasantest airs blew to him. The thought that he was beguiling her filled him with satisfaction. There was an exquisite piquancy in being called "James" by her. The stiff ease—the unintimate familiarity of the address delighted him; the name itself—"James"—had a humour so exquisite, so reticent, that he could not have enough of it.

But there was more than that in the situation. Gradually and unconsciously Menloe had drifted into an experiment.

Without permitting himself the least deviation from his understanding with James, Menloe was trying to reveal himself to Persephone. Condoning the unfortunate and irreparable flaw of her femininity, Menloe had determined to make the best of her. She was, as he had felt during their correspondence, a creature of singular receptivity—a born percipient in psychical investigation. And for years he had longed to prove how far unspoken thoughts could foregather. He meant to try to plant

sweet thoughts in the garden—the neglected garden—of Persephone's mind.

Already, he almost fancied, some success had come to him. She looked at him, he half believed, with a certain twinkle in her glance—a certain sweet perplexity. (Again the epithet was corrected by Menloe's second thought. For *sweet read quaint*, he said to himself.)

Besides, James had become interesting. Over the muffled, mouse-footed man an amazing change was spreading. Already his position, after a few hours' holding of it, seemed to be natural and easy.

In James's orders from the head of the table, in his behaviour to the guests, Menloe could detect no sense of unreality. If James were play-acting, then assuredly the world knew nothing of its greatest comedian. If, on the other hand, as Menloe could hardly doubt to be the case, the man was beginning to take his place seriously, he was worthy of careful study. His action implied an imagination of astounding realism.

By dint of some personal exertion, Menloe had secured for himself a snug little bedroom in an off-passage not far from his old room. With some help from Molly, he collected for it, from that great lumber-store that James had unearthed, such things as were needful.

To James, Menloe had said nothing, recognising that they stood to one another in an unexplained relationship which implied, on Menloe's part, very little confidence and a good deal of scrutiny.

His new bedroom gave Menloe a new look-out. Its window faced Lady Di's wood—a little copse where trees were queerly jumbled together—here a great walnut, there a deodar, there a beech, dappled like a deer, or touched with tenderest green and grey.

When Menloe went to bed, the moon was well risen, and the copse's intricate shadows and its alleys of white light—washed, as it seemed, with flowing dew—fell restfully on his eyes.

Strange to say, Menloe really was excited—a thing which had not happened to him for years.

There was hardly any use for a candle, so he blew it out and leaned into the silver wash of the moonlight.

Halloa! What was that? A bird? No, it was a chink—the sound of metal.

What in the world could be going on?

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FROM ONE OF THE TREES A THING WAS DANGLING—A THING LARGE AND DARK

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Menloe listened intently, and heard nothing.

At length, with a sudden dash and a hampered flurry through branches, a wood-pigeon flew into the light. Then, clucking fiercely, a blackbird followed.

Now there was silence and now again that metallic sound.

In a very little while it became regular and familiar—the swig-swump of a spade.

At another time Menloe scarcely would have troubled himself to identify the sound, certainly not to explain it. Now, however, he was breathing romantic air. Wonder was everywhere; household stairs might plunge into mysteries; the leaves that tapped one's panes might sing.

Very quietly, Menloe went down. In the hall he found a convenient shillelagh. A shillelagh is useful when romances are stirring; sometimes it assists them to stir.

The kitchen-door was open; that might be accidental—it might also be significant.

Standing in the courtyard to listen, Menloe accurately located the sound. It came from the middle of that plantation of experiments, Lady Di's wood.

By describing a half-circle to the right, Menloe could come upon the outer edge of the plantation without much risk of being seen or heard. From that point he ought to be able to creep near enough to pluck the heart out of the mystery.

At the outset, by bad luck or by short sight, he kicked a stone.

Instantly the noise stopped. For what seemed to Menloe several seconds, during which he stood motionless and breathless, there was no sound but the silence. That was loud enough.

At length the spade began again.

Moving very cautiously, testing as far as possible every step before him, Menloe crept on; through the fir plantation, across the neglected path, brown-carpeted with needles, on to the skirt of Lady Di's wood. There he paused.

The sound went on, but nothing was visible. For twenty paces, with feet almost noiseless on the leaf-mould, Menloe held his way.

Then he stopped, aware of something.

From one of the trees a thing was dangling—a thing large and dark. At first Menloe could not distinguish more. After a little the object took outline. Its shape was the shape of a man; it wore an Inverness cape and a grey wide-awake hat. Of

itself it dangled limply, but in the spring of the bough it made now and again a movement like dancing.

Meanwhile, the chink of a spade, the swish of slipping earth, came from behind the tree.

Menloe felt his heart stand still; then it splashed—splashed, like a leaping trout; then it raced with the patter of little frightened feet. For a moment he thought of creeping back as silently as he had come.

Only for a moment: grasping his cudgel firmly, Menloe stepped on: two steps gave him shelter and a clearer view. He could see now, under the wide hat, with its chin sunk against the breast, the face of the thing that hung. Two more steps brought the face into clearer, though still doubtful, view.

Menloe stared, and found it hard work not to scream.

The face was hardly human: grotesque, wild, sinister, it grinned with a wide and evil grin; its cheeks were crimson, its tongue lolled, yet in its total effect the face was his own.

At that moment the digging stopped; behind the stump of the dead man's tree a shape rose confusedly visible.

Against the tree there was set a step-ladder, and, rung by rung, the figure ascended. It emerged, sidewise to Lord Menloe, with its arms above its head. A knife shone in the moon, and, limp and huddled, the thing that hung dropped into the man's arms.

Slowly and with difficulty—though the body seemed light—the man stepped down the third rung; the man's face turned a little, and Menloe knew it. Ferocious as it was, with its eyes of deadly brilliancy, Menloe recognised it. It was the face of James.

Menloe crept on. What his purpose might be he did not know; he moved like a man in a dream, and asked no questions.

In a few seconds Menloe stopped, chilled and almost frozen.

Laughing—a laugh like nothing that Menloe had heard—James stopped, and took the body into his arms. Then, dandling it as a nurse dandles a baby, he began to sing; the song might have been the lullaby of devils.

A fury came upon Menloe. Putting off all caution, seeking no covert, he stalked to the spot where, above a dark vagueness, the dark figure swayed and crooned.

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So absorbed was it in its evil nursing, that Menloe's feet conveyed no sound to its mind.

It stood, generally, with its back to Menloe, but sometimes wheeling round a white half-face and an opalescent eye.

Menloe lifted his cudgel: then, in silence, he passed it to the other hand; he would use no weapon beyond his own knuckles. He doubled his fist and drew it back.

As the face of James rolled round again, Menloe put all his will into his arm and sent it home.

There was a clash of teeth, and James, still holding the body, plunged into the grave.

CHAPTER XIII.—SOMETHING WRONG WITH PERSEPHONE, AND SOMETHING VERY QUEER WITH JAMES

AS soon as James had fallen into the pit that he had dugged for another, Menloe's fury was appeased. He even went so far as to hold out a hand towards the spot whither James had receded. That, however, on reflection, he withdrew. Also, on reflection, he withdrew himself.

To Menloe's returning footsteps there came no sound, no muffled blessing, no petition, not even a remark about the weather.

James, it appeared to Menloe's tender conscience, was unduly taciturn. Occasionally people hurt themselves in falling. James might have hurt himself.

Menloe paused: he was on the point of turning back, and of asking after James. That, however, might expose him to misconstruction. Menloe continued his homeward course.

About an hour after he had regained his room, steps came along the main passage. Evidently James had seen his way not to remain in his hole.

Then Menloe felt that he might indulge a blameless chuckle. Already he *had* chuckled, and even had drawn noiseless corks, but there was a twang of conscience in the mirth. Now, however, all parties were pleased; Menloe laughed himself to sleep.

At breakfast, when he came in with the sausages, Menloe felt a little uneasy. While he removed the cover his eye fell upon James.

On James's left cheek there was a large bruise, traversed by a cut of fair size. It

was such as might have been caused by some blunt instrument, and Menloe's right fist became self-conscious.

Mrs. Tite soon observed the mark.

"Dear me, my Lordship—your Lord—my Menloe," she exclaimed, "you have cut yourself."

"Yes," said James: "shaving."

Mrs. Tite turned to her daughter: "Persephone," she said, "run up-stairs for my panhelicum."

In a moment Persephone was back with the valuable pot in her hand. In spite of earnest entreaties, James was anointed and bound up, and left with the knot of the handkerchief flapping at his eye.

On the whole, Menloe was glad to be rid of that eye. It was still very bright, but it smouldered too. It had seemed to Menloe during the bandaging altogether an undesirable eye.

At first nothing was said to suggest that any part of anybody's night might have been disturbed.

At length, however, James began to speak.

"Did you ever," he asked blandly, but with watchful eyes, "walk in your sleep?" The question was proposed with a wave of the hands, alike to Persephone and Mrs. Tite.

"Not much," said Mrs. Tite, "one thing at a time is enough for me. When I'm in my bed—no, Persephone, I do *not* snore."

Persephone had not spoken.

"Well, Momma," she now said, "you remember about Cousin Deborah? but perhaps that isn't"—Persephone's eglantine hues deepened into the hues of the garden rose—"quite a nice story."

"Well," said Mrs. Tite, "when all is said and done, they was *silk* stockings."

"She walked in her sleep," Persephone went on, encouraged by her mother's opinion. "Cousin Deborah walked in her sleep, and she couldn't abide a speck of dust anywhere; and one morning they found her on the top of a high chest of drawers—in her——"

"Nighty," said Mrs. Tite.

"Things that she didn't wear in the daytime," Persephone continued, preferring her own touch upon a delicate string, "cleaning the window with her stockings."

"They was silk stockings," Mrs. Tite repeated.

"Now that," said James, "is a most

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interesting story; I might add, a most touching story; it exhibits woman at her best."

"Well, I wouldn't say that," Mrs. Tite made answer; "not on a high chest of drawers in her——"

"Things that she didn't wear in the daytime," Persephone put in.

"Morally at her best," James said, with a bow. "How sensitive, how tremulously delicate, must have been the nature that a smeared window could urge up a high chest of drawers—a tallboy, as we call the thing now."

"But that upward impulse," James continued, "is a common feature of somnambulism. My ancestor, Boru—the first Baron—would climb poles in his sleep."

"Like a bear," said Mrs. Tite.

"Where did he get 'em?" asked Persephone, with the leaves of her note-book flying.

"Oh, he managed; sometimes there was scaffolding."

"How was he dressed?" Persephone inquired.

"Always," said James, "in his chappie brass."

"Is that a thing that a young lady ought to write?" Mrs. Tite whispered like a steam-engine.

"It is," James answered, with a delicate suggestion of rebuke, "the name of the hat of the period; it was carried under the arm; hence its designation—chappie brass."

James smacked his lips a little over the flavour of his French.

"My ancestor," James continued, "wore, in addition to the chappie brass, a sword, the gift of Lord Guildford Dudley, silver buckles set with diamonds, and the Order of St. George."

"That wasn't enough," said Mrs. Tite. "I yield to no one in my affectionate admiration of the aristocracy. They are a credit to a great empire; but," concluded Mrs. Tite, "I can't approve of some of their goings-on."

"My dear Mrs. Tite," said James firmly, almost severely, "my ancestor was an Irish nobleman, not an African chief. Do you imagine he would expose himself to——"

"The night air?" suggested Mrs. Tite.

"No, madam, *not* the night air, to the scrutiny—the censure—of possible eyes—even of possible *female* eyes—in *merely* a hat and etceteras?"

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"I didn't know," said Mrs. Tite apologetically, "in his sleep . . . up a pole."

"Our family instinct," said James, "is very delicate. It never deserted us——"

"Not up poles?" asked Mrs. Tite, quite humbly.

"No," James answered, "not up poles. Lady Emilia, who drove William Penn to drink——"

"Did he?" exclaimed Persephone; "they ought to know of that in Pennsylvania."

"Ah! Beauty," said James, "fatal Beauty, Miss Persephone! When *she* walked, she always wore her train, and waked up two little page-boys to carry it."

"Did they not know she was asleep?"

"They never had the smallest suspicion, and sometimes—for Lady Emilia was a great pedestrian—the poor little chaps would go off on their legs as sound as roaches; so there were three of them sleeping and walking."

"She never climbed anything, I suppose?"

Persephone looked up from her note-book.

"Never," said James, with extreme decision, "never, never; no lady of our family ever climbed."

Persephone looked rather ashamed of Cousin Deborah.

"Sometimes," James continued, "our ladies danced in their sleep. Lady Ierne, who was the innocent occasion of poor Buckingham's death——"

"I thought he was stabbed . . . at Portsmouth . . . by a Puritan . . . named Felton——"

Persephone, beginning with confidence, ended with extreme diffidence. Under the indulgent, almost the pitying, eye of James, her trust in Hume and Green oozed quite away. Evidently they were not behind the scenes.

James had said nothing; he said nothing now. The least lifting of the brow—an almost inaudible cough—sent Persephone under covert of her book. Somehow, it seemed, she was made to look like a raw colonial, with a trick of treading on delicate ground.

That was what Menloe thought, listening to James in his most improbably historical mood; and yet, there was something in Persephone's eye; something almost Puckish—something that puzzled Menloe.

"I myself," said James, with the air of

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"WELL, I NEVER DID!" PERSEPHONE EXCLAIMED

a modest amateur in a difficult art, "walk a little." He looked at his guests; did a glance from the tail of his eye flit towards Menloe, as he added: "Last night I took a turn?"

"I'm sure," Mrs. Tite exclaimed, "you give me a turn. Oh, Lord Menloeship, be very careful; for the sake of your friends, avoid eaves and belfries."

"I will—I will," James answered, almost tenderly. Then he said sharply: "James, tomatoes to Miss Tite."

Handing the tomatoes, Menloe was conscious of James's gaze. It rested full upon him, whether abstractedly or searchingly he could not tell. In James's look there

was at times something strange and baffling; a veil in Menloe's mind that was always lifting, never lifted.

"Last night," said James, in a voice that went well with the eyes whose brightness seemed to shine through a cloud, "I dreamed I had to bury a man."

"That is not surprising," Mrs. Tite replied; "after those absurd reports, it is just the thing *you would* dream of."

"Exactly." James's polite head descended almost upon the table. "Well, I must have walked, and, what is more, I must have dugged a grave."

"Oh," said Persephone, shutting up the book, "I never heard of such a thing."

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You dug a grave in your sleep. Are you sure, Lord Menloe?"

"Very nearly," said James quietly.

"Why, Mister," exclaimed Mrs. Tite, so much excited that she fell from the heights of the Peerage upon the side-walks of common address, "what makes you think you dug a grave?"

"Because," James answered, with restraint, as though not to over-estimate the evidential value of his statement, "I found myself at the bottom of it."

"Oh, Lord Mister," screamed Mrs. Tite, "you shouldn't do such things: no person's health could stand it. And that," she concluded, gazing at James's cheek, "is how you cut yourself."

Here Persephone broke in.

"Nonsense, Momma, as though he'd shave in his grave. My! that's poetry."

Then the postman came.

For Mrs. Tite and Persephone there were several letters.

"Our motor will be here by eleven," said Mrs. Tite, when she had read her first letter. "Shall we take a tour round, and make it right about that absurd report?"

"You mean about the funeral?" James inquired.

"Yes; shall we call right round, saying that it will not take place?"

"Saying," James corrected, "that it has taken place."

"What, Lord—oh, excuse me—what on airth do you mean?"

"Just that," James answered, almost testily it seemed—"that the funeral took place last night."

Mrs. Tite's eyes grew round and frightened; her colour deepened to an uncooked red. "Oh my," she said; "I'm real skeered."

Persephone gave her a push. "Can't you take a little joke, Momma?" she said. "Lord Menloe dreamed he was at a funeral."

"I see," Mrs. Tite answered with increasing cheerfulness.

"Yes—of course; anybody could see that joke."

CHAPTER XIV.—THE FUNERAL IS OVER

HAVING traversed the whole Barony, Mrs. Tite returned in high spirits to Menloe. Not only had she put off the funeral, but she had hastened the millennium. Altogether she had dispersed

a thousand temperance pledges. It was true that the due signing of the same had not been accomplished, but the extreme readiness with which they had been received implied that happy consummation.

As Menloe opened the door, James and Persephone came into the hall.

"You never understand a country," said Mrs. Tite, "till you see it with your own eyes. I tell you, Mister your my Lord, Ireland is just thirsting for temperance."

A slight shaking in Lord Menloe's shoulders caught the eye of Mrs. Tite, she looked at James. "Yes," she said, "I'm afraid he's incorrigible."

Persephone turned, looking at James with a face which might mean many things.

"Oh, James," she said, "you *promised* me; and only half-an-hour ago when I inquired, 'Kept so far?' you met my eyes and answered, 'Kept so far.'"

Mrs. Tite laid a heavy hand on James's arm. "Leave him to her," she said, in her world-girdling whisper; "she has a great way with men like that, and she can't keep at it too hard. Ah, if poor Mr. Tite would only have signed, he would not be in heaven now."

With a voluminous sigh the stout enthusiast glided through the hall. "Really, she glides," thought Menloe, as he watched her; "Persephone trips: you can't glide under fourteen stone."

While he made this reflection, he felt a hand slip into his; he did not know what it wanted, but he let it stay; one cannot refuse a little hospitality to a hand on the tramp.

In a moment Menloe felt that the hand was trembling, and the moment after that, something splashed on to him.

"Had you not better get out of the rain?" he said, with the wraps on his arm.

The hand shook. "I'm raining," Persephone said.

Menloe looked at her. "Are you crying?" he asked.

Persephone nodded. "Yes," she said.

"But aren't you laughing too?" he asked, bending and scrutinising her face. "Yes, you are; it's a sunshiny shower, Persephone."

The hand was pulled sharply away. "Are those your manners?" she said; "is that the way helps behave in this country?"

"Upper helps," said Menloe, "are allowed—"

Persephone broke in with a little cry of

astonishment. "To call ladies by their Christian names?"

"Unmarried ladies," Menloe answered solemnly.

"Well, I never did!" Persephone exclaimed; "there are things in Europe that I don't understand yet."

Persephone felt for her note-book.

"Well," she said, "Poppa was always for democratic institutions, and he thought Europe was kind o' used up; but in some respects, I tell *you*, we're just in the feudal ages compared with you. Why, if a help took to calling the ladies——"

"The unmarried ladies."

"I don't see that that makes things tot up much better; I really don't, James."

"There, now, you called *me* by my Christian name."

"And wasn't that right?—do you mean to tell me——"

Menloe bowed decorously. "Well, then, I will call you Miss Tite."

Persephone, with her forefinger up to her lip, frowned thoughtfully. "No," she said after a moment or two, "do what's right; call me—though it does seem queer—call me 'Persephone.'"

"Well, Persephone, this is the way of it. The landlords have had such a bad time that most of them have gone into service."

"My goodness—oh, James—oh, Mister!" Persephone sent the leaves of her note-book flying like a windmill. "There's things in real life," she said, "that don't get into books at all. On the other side there ain't no conception of the state of this country; folks' notions are just chaotic. Let me get that down in your own words: 'The landlords have had such a bad time that they have mostly gone into service.'" Persephone scribbled down that comprehensive picture of the broken pale of Ireland; then, remembering, she looked up. "But didn't they get anything when they sold out?"

"Just enough," said Menloe, "to keep them in shirt-fronts."

"Oh, then, washing ain't allowed; well, I never! I'm real sorry for them, Mister; effete or not, they were fellow-creatures, and it does seem desperate hard. I suppose, Mr. James"—Persephone looked up with a pretty bird-like glance—"you were never a landlord?"

"I!" said Menloe; "what put that into your little head?"

Persephone's mouth made a funny little movement. "They are usual, too, are they?"

"What 'are usual,' Persephone?"

"Remarks—remarks:" Persephone's eyes fell, and a bright aurora flashed upon her cheeks: "about the size of folks' heads."

"Oh, very usual," Menloe answered gravely. "'Little' is one of our *most* customary words; 'little goose' is often heard, and sometimes 'little dear.'"

Persephone made an entry: then, nodding her head, shut the book with a snap. "Custom or no custom, I wouldn't put up with 'Dears' and 'Gooses.' Custom is one thing, and impudence is another."

Again she looked at Menloe with a side-long head. "Mr. James," she asked again, "were you ever a landlord?"

Menloe felt that he was on dangerous ground—forbidden ground also. How all this fooling had sprung up, he could not tell at all. The thing had been utterly unplanned and utterly unforeseen. He was angry with himself for his almost broken pledge, and angrier for the wrong to Persephone's simplicity. Simplicity so limpid—particularly when its head turned sidewise and its blue eyes deepened—was entitled to respect. Only a night or two ago he had listened almost incredulously to James's mad romances, and now he himself had been doing almost worse.

"Persephone," he said, "I ought not to call you Persephone, and all that I have told you is nonsense."

Again the tears rose into Persephone's eyes; her lips trembled, she made a piteous effort to control the slipping, breaking lines of her face.

"Forgive me, Miss Tite," said Menloe, "do try to forgive me. I don't know what came over me. I have been an abominable cad, but my caddishness was unpremeditated."

"Well," said Persephone, at length mastering herself; "I suppose I'm a regular young cuckoo, with my mouth open for whatever folks take a fancy to chuck in. I shan't be taken in again quite so easy, you bet," she added, as she moved away with dignity. Then, turning half round, she said again a little piteously, "I thought I was dealing with gentlemen."

"With gentlemen!" said Menloe; "I was the man behind your chair."

"I thought you were the gentleman behind my chair. There was something about you that interested me; a something that kind o' drew me; I wanted to—well, to save you from drink."

His Poor Lordship

At that moment there appeared Mrs. Tite, with James in her wake. She was telling him of the noble following that his remains would have had. "We would have given him," one of the villagers said, "two miles of a funeral."

Mrs. Tite burst into a shout of laughter, and neither Menloe nor Persephone, stately in her indignation, could refrain from joining in. James, however, showed no sign of amusement.

"The fellow looks at me," he thought, "as though I had no right to be here."

"Come, ladies," said James at length, pulling away his eyes, like limpets, "let us take a ramble about the grounds. They are full of memories; I feel my ancestors walking with me as I tread the terrace. Five hundred years are peopled with them; five hundred noble years, and more."

He motioned to the ladies; they went out, and he followed them.



CAVANAGH HAD HIM BY THE THROAT NOW

"Nonsense," he said, "nonsense; the funeral is over."

Menloe turned to look in his face, and their gaze met. In James's eye there was no twinkle; his whole aspect was serious, contentious, urgent.

"Lor', Mr. Menloe," said Mrs. Tite, "nobody as didn't know you would believe as you was joking; your witticisms is chips."

James did not answer; his eye stuck to Menloe. In their regard was something that almost frightened Menloe.

CHAPTER XV.—MISTAKEN IDENTITY

ON the evening of that day Menloe was prowling among the woods, fairly impervious to the devouring midges that make the stranger's being a burden and a bump. In that soft-carpeted realm his footsteps fell almost soundlessly, and before he knew whither he was tending he was the third in a conversation meant for two.

Menloe gave a little instinctive cough; nobody heard it, but it silenced his con-

science; a gentleman who has coughed is not an eavesdropper. The truth is that Menloe had recognised one of the voices. It was the voice of James, and of James it was so desirable that more should be known, that no information could be neglected. That consideration—and the cough—justified Menloe; he sat down on a fallen fir and listened.

"How did I do you then?" James was asking; "tell me that; how did I do you?"

"Now don't be putting on that manner and that voice, as injured and as innocent as Joseph in the bulrushes. Why, man alive, didn't ye levy a contribution on the whole country-side? Hadn't ye the pick of our men-servants and our maid-servants, our cock-turkeys and our hen-turkeys? Faith, the widow and the orphan, and the beggar with his pack was shtinted to contint yez; the riches and the treasures of Kilbooby was powered into your lap."

Menloe had identified the second voice now: it was that of Jim Cavanagh, head man of the village.

"Well," James made answer, "did I ask you for it? If the country felt that it owed me anything, was it meself would contrhadiet it?"

"Is it ax for it? faith, no, and while there's a bit o' dacency in the country, Pat O'Gorman"—Menloe felt his heart jump at the calling of that word—"should have no cause to be axin'. There doesn't be the man in Ireland, nor the woman, nor the child, that would begritch his last penny or his last shpoonful o' male to Pat O'Gorman."

"I barely did my duty," said James. "What's a bit of a still for potheen, and a couple o' shots through a window, and my speeches, and just breaking gaol? Troth, there's plenty did more for Ireland."

The wrath grew hoarse in Cavanagh's voice. "Begor," he said, "av I was to shtrike you down where ye shtand, I'd be doing a deed for Ireland that few would ayquil. Why, ye thraitor, ye impostor, ye fawning solecism,—for a couple o' pins I'd shteam-rowl yez under the two feet o' me. You O'Gorman, when I know the honest poor man whose son ye are, and who little t'ought to rare the likes o' yez!"

This was becoming very interesting. Menloe rose and crept nearer; he could see the two men now, Jim Cavanagh red and fierce, keeping a difficult mastery over his working face and his oratorical hands; James seemingly cool, but with a nasty

snarl upon his lips and an evil pallor upon his cheeks. His eyes seemed to come and go like the light at sea.

"That ye may never be sorry for this same night, Jim Cavanagh, for your bad manners and your bad heart, and your black, un-Irish suspicions;" James's voice trembled—artistically, Menloe thought—but it was an impressive tremor, and it seemed to move James a little when he heard it.

"If ye have anything against me," James went on, "speak out like a man, for I wouldn't demean myself to take notice of shrugs and winks and inferences and innuendoes."

"Whist," said Cavanagh, lifting his hand, "them's no worruds to be using before ladies."

James glanced about him uneasily, like an animal who has sniffed a doubtful presence.

"Ladies?" he asked, "what ladies?"

"Walls have ears," said Cavanagh: "ye'd never know." Then there was a little sound of crackling, and Cavanagh was holding a paper under James's nose.

"Is that a s'rug or a wink?" he asked, "or an imperence, or a worrud that I wouldn't soil my dacint lips wid? I wonder ye wasn't tuk spontaneous wid combustions, like Ananias, Azarias, and Mizzle, and the rest o' thim."

"What's this at all?" said James, "a New York paper? Well, what harm?"

"What harrum? this harrum." Cavanagh snatched the paper back from him and began to read aloud, the sheet jerking and crackling in his excited hands: "'Three Negroes Burned for Shtealing Bread'—no, that isn't the place, hear this: 'Judge Hooligan gave his decision to-day: the shooting of two young ladies at the piano, and also the skinning of a live cat, was a political offence; a vehement, perhaps an unchastened, but a sincere and noble patriotism had prompted to the commission of these deeds. O'Gorman himself had admitted that, for the young ladies, and also for the cat, personally, he felt only love and good-will; as he skinned the cat he wept. The extradition of O'Gorman would be refused.'"

"Well," said James, "that seems reasonable enough. I wouldn't wonder if America gave me a bit of an illumination."

"If burning ye, like Naygars, is illumination, Amer'ka would give ye that same,

His Poor Lordship

I'm thinking, wid a heart and a ha'f. Why, ye shpalpeen"—Cavanagh had him by the throat now—" 'twas only the day before yesterday they released him; and you! you! you!"—at each repetition Cavanagh shook him till Menloe fancied that he heard a rattling as of teeth—"you was here a week, dhrinking the heart o' Kilbooby."

"Mis-taken identity," James managed to shake out; "stop the throttling; won't you give a man a chance? Faix, I thought there was always fair play in Ireland."

To that flattering appeal Cavanagh hearkened. "Faith," he said contemptuously, "make what defence ye can," and he loosed his strangling hold on James.

On the instant, leaping forward, James gripped Cavanagh by the shoulder and the waist: his leg twisted under Cavanagh's: there was a roll and a snap, and the big publican lay on the broad of his back.

Then from a hundred different points faces sprang into the moonlight, wild arms were brandishing sticks, were lifting themselves in movements of execration—dramatic, terrible, ancient as hate. Then a stone was thrown, feebly, without direction, for the thrower was Raftery, the blind man. But others followed, and stones fell all around where James stood and Cavanagh lay. One stone hit its mark, and the blood sprang, streaming down James's face.

Then James leaned forward, and took up something that lay against the trunk of a tree; what it was, Menloe could not determine, he could see only that James's hands, set forward, one above the other, seemed to rest upon it.

There, his chin slightly advanced, the man stood absolutely still. Though his face now was quite invisible to Menloe, Menloe could infer the eyes. That gaze of wondering hate that he had seen once or twice filled them now. He was quite sure of that. It was an evil gaze to meet, for it held something that Menloe never felt before—something supernatural, incalculable, something that was free from human law, and owned allegiance to unknown powers.

For a moment there came back to Menloe the thought of those who are not living and cannot die; the things that once were human, and now are—what? For Menloe felt some dim hereditary fear spread over the crowd, slackening the threatening arms, quelling the wild voices, lifting the brows,

setting the mouths agape, fixing the eyes in a wild stare. Like a ghastly presence it crept—that rooted spiritual horror—binding them in all but visible coils: rough-clad men, women bare-headed or wrapt in shawls, boys and girls with naked feet, and even little toddling children. Last it came to the blind man; without a word, he dropped upon his knees, and, turning up his white eyes, prayed in silence.

For several seconds that dreadful stillness held; then, very slowly, James turned and moved away.

As he came close, revealing a face almost blue in its pallor, Menloe discerned the thing that James held. It was a besom—the besom that Menloe had used that night a week ago.

At length Menloe understood the source of that frozen panic that had held the crowd. The legend of the Ghostly Sweeper was still capable of being quickened into a present belief. All the queer talk about Menloe, and all the queer talk about James had been preparing the imagination of the place; there were many even now, Menloe did not doubt, who questioned seriously the statement that there had been no death; already the Sweeper had been at work, and now again a figure, strangely like that of the man who was reported dead, was sweeping drift from a new-made and mysterious grave.

All this time Cavanagh had lain like a dead man. As James's steps receded, Jim rose to his tall and solid height.

"Isn't there the manhood of a mouse betune yez?" he asked contemptuously; "is it come out ye did to shtare like sheep, ye ignorant and superstitious omadhauns; and him aiting ye holla, and playing the— Oh!"

A tree rustled, a child screamed; a yell drove through the people, and they turned, scuttling away for dear life.

"Come on," shouted Cavanagh, whirling his shillelagh to the height, "devils, or ghosts, or banshees, come on in your t'ousands; come on, I say, and get a shmall taste of ould blackthorn. Come on—oh, blessed Bridget; oh, holy Pether—ow!"

There rose, distinct among all the conflicting cries, a rasped and twisted shriek, and on the heels of it Jim Cavanagh disappeared.

Only the blind man remained, praying in gusty howls.

(To be continued.)



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ROAMING

From the painting by Peter Graham, R.A.

The Petrels (*Procellaria*)¹

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT," ETC.

PROPERLY speaking, several members of this great family of marine birds have already been dealt with by me under the heading of Albatross. But I am not a stickler for adhesion to any scientific division of birds into their varieties, and in considering the Petrels my mind is mainly fixed upon one species only, the tiny creature known as the Stormy Petrel, or to sailors most affectionately and inconclusively as the "Mother Carey's chicken." Why Mother Carey or why chicken is a mystery. Who Mother Carey may represent in the seafarer's mind I really cannot imagine, unless she be Davy Jones's aunt; but even so, to compare the Stormy Petrel with a chicken, either Mother Carey's or another's, has always seemed to me a great error of judgment. I know and love chickens thoroughly, but between them and the Stormy Petrel there is not one single point of resemblance, except that they are both birds. For the chicken is essentially a domestic creature, delicate, full of liabilities to ailments, needing great care and a snug roosting-place every night if it is to be kept alive. But the Stormy Petrel! Tiniest yet sturdiest of all sea-birds, ranging all over the wide, wild ocean, liting fearlessly under the curve of a mighty Cape Horn sea, or skimming swallow-like over the glassy surface of the Equatorial Current; equally at home on the weather scarp of a frowning iceberg, or around the pleasantly-lapped beach of a coral atoll in mid Pacific; cheery, indomitable little waif, who with a heart as big as a grain of mustard seed could help loving you? I could not wish the Bible other in any respect than it is, but somehow I have always wished that mention of the Stormy Petrel had been made in it. I rejoice to note the gentle Saviour's reference to the sparrow, to the dove, to the hen gathering her chickens under her wings; but I have never seen the Stormy Petrel flitting between crest and hollow of the mighty storm-waves in mid-ocean, when the great ship was being tested in every fibre of her build, but I have thought how much I

should have liked to see that dear wee brave thing mentioned in the best of all books.

The Stormy Petrel (*Procellaria pelagica*) is a black-and-white bird of about the bigness of a thrush. Its wings are somewhat broader and sturdier than those of the latter bird, and its legs are longer—very long, in fact, in proportion to its size for a sea-bird. With the tiny webbed feet attached, they look as if made of black silk, and they are much more in evidence than those of any of the other pelagic birds, from an inveterate habit this Petrel has of stretching them out one after another, and just touching the water with them as it skims over the surface. For the Petrel does not fly high; no one ever saw a Stormy Petrel twenty feet above the sea unless it had been taken there, or was at its nesting-place, of which more anon. Its principal characteristic is, I think, insusceptibility to fatigue. It does seem to have solved the secret of perpetual motion. In the course of fifteen years' voyaging, scarcely a day of which while at sea has passed without seeing these dear little birds, I have never seen one at rest. When feeding they do not settle on the sea; they hover over the wave and peek at their food, whatever it may be, much as a butterfly hovers over and sips at a flower. But the idea of resting upon the sea surface never seems to occur to them, either by day or by night; for on a fine night in the middle watch—that is, from twelve to four—I have often watched the little dark shapes still flitting around, and heard, by listening closely, their low, twittering cry. This faculty alone would in so small a bird have given them a mysterious importance in the eyes of sailors, but in addition to that there is the fact of their constancy to ships everywhere. There are parts of the ocean where no birds but these are ever seen by the sailor; but I have never sailed anywhere, from Behring Straits to Antarctica, from Labrador to the Crozets, where I have not seen these little nomads of the sea. Of course, and I am rather tired of pointing it out, they, like the dolphins and fish, cannot

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The Petrels (*Procellaria*)

accompany a swift steamship as they used the leisurely wind-jammer, and in consequence future generations of seafarers will not know them at all—a very serious loss. Naturalists declare that the Stormy Petrels in one ocean differ from those in another, while at the same time admitting that varieties from the Southern Pacific have been seen in Britain. Common sailors like myself prefer to believe that all this nice division into sub-families, except for purposes of high science, has no value, and, indeed, very often we know that varieties have been tabulated between birds and fish of exactly the same character on account of some little peculiarity. One property of the Petrels, both large and small, has often been noted, their peculiarly musky smell, which extends to their eggs both outside and in, and may be recognised, no matter how long a period has elapsed since those hollow shells were added to the collector's cabinet.

Here I feel that it may be pardonable to digress for a few lines into considering the extraordinary fact of the universality of the scent of musk. On shore we are, of course, very familiar with it in its most delicate and delightful form, namely, that emanating from the pretty little plant, *Mimulus moschatus*, which will, with such slight encouragement, perpetuate itself year after year, and make the whole garden fragrant on summer evenings, especially after a light rain-shower. But for the needs of the perfumer the Himalayas are scoured in order to secure the musk pods of a certain kind of deer, which are so intensely odoriferous as to induce bleeding at the nose in many people who take an incautious sniff. The musk rat's tail, not even his scent sac, but his tail, will suffice to perfume a drawer for a musk lover for many years; in fact, once that scent is diffused it is improbable that the receptacle containing it ever loses it again. The cruel and hideous saurian that slimily awaits its prey at Indian village fords, in South American creeks, and Australian back-country brooks is redolent of musk, pungent, nauseating, and never-to-be-forgotten odour that it is. The marvellous ambergris of the sperm whale, although only faintly smelling of musk itself, has certainly one quality amidst all the fabulous ones credited to it, of enhancing ten-fold the power of any perfume to which it is added during the process of distillation. And any one who has ever had occasion to

use a tube of sepia or stick of China ink, has probably tested its genuineness by smelling it, the faint yet penetrating odour being immediately apparent.

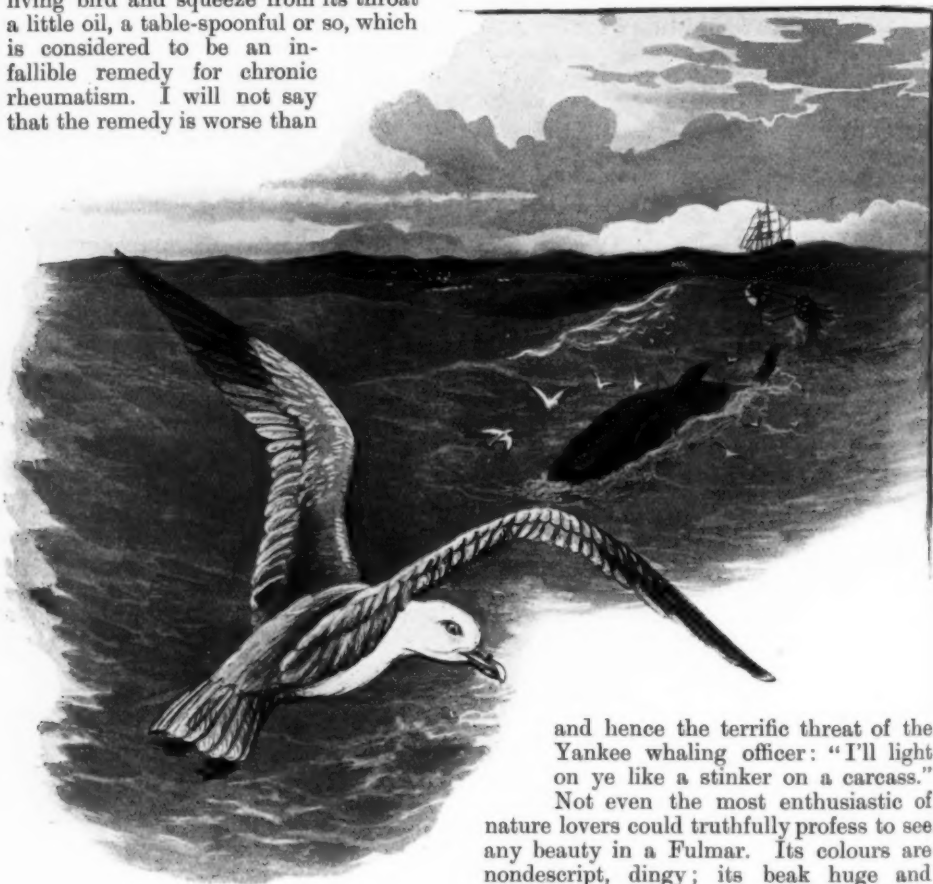
Now as far as the genesis of musk in land animals is concerned I am unable to offer any opinion. But the power of ambergris, the scent of sepia, the muskiness of Petrels and their eggs, are only to be referred to one origin—the squid or cuttlefish in all his varieties, and how numerous they are let Mr. Edgar Smith, the erudite curator of the mollusca at South Kensington, tell you, I cannot. Again and again I am conscience-smitten at having ever said a word against the squid, for at every turn in discussing the lives of the deep-sea people, aerial and marine, I find that without the squid the other creatures simply could not be. He is the basis, as it were, on which they are built. This is most specially the case with regard to my tiny friend the Stormy Petrel. So feeble, so small is he, that any competition with the ordinary seabird in the universal struggle for food, or any capture of fish in mid-sea are alike out of the question. But the languid loligo, the little squid of an inch or so in length, is always handy on the surface, easy of capture by even so slight and weak a bird as the Stormy Petrel, and in this way the latter little hungry creature is fed. More times than I can remember I have seen the little fellow in the midst of its dartings to and fro in the wake of our flying ship, well on one side of us, where it could not have been possible for anything dropped from fore-castle or galley to float, pause suddenly, and with fully stretched legs and quickly fluttering wings reach down to the creaming surface, and snatch something therefrom with a shrill cry of satisfaction. That something was invariably a little squid, a boneless succulent morsel created to that end, without prevision or possibility of feeling pain, and consequently perfectly happy, even while in process of transition into other forms of usefulness.

For a brief space, and before entering into the family history and sea-going career of the tiny wee wanderer I love so well, I must pay the compliment of notice to an almost unique member of the family, the Fulmar Petrel. Its front name indicates to those conversant with Scottish idioms the prevalent characteristic of the bird. The word has been crudely translated by the practical Americans into an unpleasant but

The Petrels (*Procellaria*)

entirely appropriate Anglo-Saxon equivalent, stinker. The reasons for this coarse cognomen is self-evident; the bird is really the skunk of the feathered world, and on the principle, I suppose, that the more unpleasant the remedy the more certain the cure, the islanders of St. Kilda seize the living bird and squeeze from its throat a little oil, a table-spoonful or so, which is considered to be an infallible remedy for chronic rheumatism. I will not say that the remedy is worse than

In the Southern Seas among whalers it is notorious as being the only bird which, in the midst of waiting thousands, will fearlessly perch upon the body of a dead whale, and begin tearing at the skin in the hope of getting an advance subscription to its dinner fund. It comes down with a thud,



THE FULMAR PETREL

the disease, but certainly those using it deserve to get cured. It almost helps one to understand the Chinese predilection for the application of the moxa, a red-heated iron, to an inflamed part for curative purposes. But Pennant, that entirely unreliable but most delightful writer, says, that no bird is of such value to the islanders as this. It supplies them with oil for their lamps, down for their beds, a delicacy (!) for their tables, and a medicine for their distempers.

and hence the terrific threat of the Yankee whaling officer: "I'll light on ye like a stinker on a carcass."

Not even the most enthusiastic of nature lovers could truthfully profess to see any beauty in a Fulmar. Its colours are nondescript, dingy; its beak huge and cabbage-water green. In numbers south of the line it is to seek; only up north, in those untilled regions of cold and storm, does it flourish in vast flocks, and provide a patent medicine for St. Kildians. Among the almost inaccessible rocks of the Hebrides it breeds, but nowhere in such numbers as at St. Kilda, affording to the hardy lonely islanders, who have long learned not to be fastidious, a never-failing means of livelihood. Although one would have thought that a Fulmar's egg for breakfast would act as a sure discouragement against any further experiments in the direction of egg

The Petrels (*Procellaria*)

eating, from the exceedingly rank and imitable odour thereof, these dainties are so highly thought of by the St. Kildians that the collecting of them forms the principal occupation of the islanders. In it they continually risk their lives, as the bird roosts in the most inaccessible places, on ledges a few inches wide, worn in the faces of perpendicular or overhanging precipices. In like manner also do the islanders collect the live oil from the bird's stomach; just a few teaspoonfuls of clear but intensely fetid oil, which the bird vomits when seized into a vessel held for the purpose. But all this is a many-times-told tale, and one perhaps which is not strictly within the limits of my subject. It is exceedingly strange, however, that while the northern Fulmar is so very abundant, and is, moreover, never seen far from shore, his southern brother is a solitary bird as far as his own kind go, and is met with as far from land as any bird can get.

And now, as it would only be tiresome repetition to go over the small difference between the varieties of *Procellaria*, and besides quite contrary to my usual rule, I gladly return to the Mother Carey's chicken biographically, giving first of all some few details of my own personal acquaintance with them, ever gratefully remembered. How timidly on my first voyage did I ask the mate, a big gruff Norwegian, what those pretty little birds were. How could I tell that I was committing a serious breach of etiquette? He replied very gruffly and unintelligibly, "Stern Pitter." I ventured to say "What?" and was at once bidden to "shut up" and look out for myself, as if he had been insulted by my not understanding him. I took the hint and asked no more, nor did I learn that "those little birds" were Stormy Petrels for a very long time, although, like other sailors, I of course knew them as Mother Carey's chickens. But they were always a source of never-ending delight to me while at sea, and of wonder too, for I could not help feeling that they had indeed solved the great problem of perpetual motion; never needing or desiring rest apparently, and always sticking to the same ship to which they had taken a fancy in calm or storm, whether flying before a gale or stagnating through many days of windlessness, as was common with the old sailing ships. I was glad to see how the sailors generally regarded them as birds of

good omen, and in nowise to be meddled with. Indeed in my day not a few seamen really looked upon them as the spirits of departed sailors, who, never weary, flitted over the bright pure sea eternally. But then many seamen thus regarded the albatross also, yet I never saw the same sincere reluctance to do them harm as was always evinced towards the Stormy Petrel. Once I saw a man, a second mate, wearying for something to do, catch one of the pretty creatures by means of thickly-tarred roping twine attached to a bait of pork, which was hooked on to the end of a fishing-line. The little bird, fluttering over the meat and continually touching the water with its feet, as is its wont, got them entangled in the sticky twine, and was hauled in all bedraggled, its bright vivacity gone, and presently lay panting and helpless in the grip of its silly tormentor. Fortunately the captain, coming on deck at an opportune moment, saw the shameful deed, and gave that second mate such a wiggling as I hope did him good. It was the only time in my life that I ever rejoiced to see a subordinate on board ship receive a public reprimand.

Even to the last day of my sea service I was unable to divest myself of the feeling, when watching the movements of the wee Petrel in a gale, that they were sent to the sailor as an object lesson of the all-pervading care of God. The mighty ship in a heavy storm does look so insignificant in conflict with the ocean, all man's skill and genius and courage count for such a little against the immeasurable power of His sea, and is so dependent upon the faithful co-operation of all concerned, that it comes with a wonderful relief to study the tiny wee seafarer alongside coquetting with the wildest waves, and untroubled by the fiercest storm. In nothing I think under heaven is the wisdom, love, and care of God more manifest than in the behaviour of a Mother Carey's chicken in a tempest. But let us associate ourselves more intimately with a pair, for only by so doing can we realise what a wonderful thing life is. . . .

That was a very lonely morning when I discovered that my father and mother had both left me. Ever since I first found myself in the cosy little rock tunnel in Kerguelen Island, my only sensation that of being ravenously hungry, I had never been out of their sight, one or the other of

The Petrels (*Procellaria*)



STORM PETREL : THE FLYING LESSON

them, for an hour by day or by night. At first they used to come and go almost continually, always dropping some delightful morsel down my gaping throat, and scurrying away through the tunnel again as if they had not a moment to spare. And they would hardly be gone before I began again loudly lamenting my lack of food. But let me tell you about my home, for I never forgot it in all my long journeyings; when the time came at the fall of the year for me to return thither, I did so over the thousands of miles of intervening sea as straight as the wind blows over those mighty open spaces. As perhaps you know, Kerguelen is, for those people who use the land continually, just a desolate mass of rock and sand, with hardly a sign of anything growing but birds and seals, far down the slope of the Southern Sea.

At one place there is quite a mountain rising straight up from the sea facing the south, but this mountain is split in half; right in the middle of it there is a crack as wide as a porpoise that runs through from the sea to a quiet little plateau beyond. All

around this little flat patch, which is floored with black sand, there are round holes in the rocks which run in about ten times my length and widen out a little when you get as far in as you can. Here in this cosy shelter from storm and wind, which I never felt the need of at any time after I left it, I first knew I was alive. And when first, after a long stay in that darkling

The Petrels (*Procellaria*)

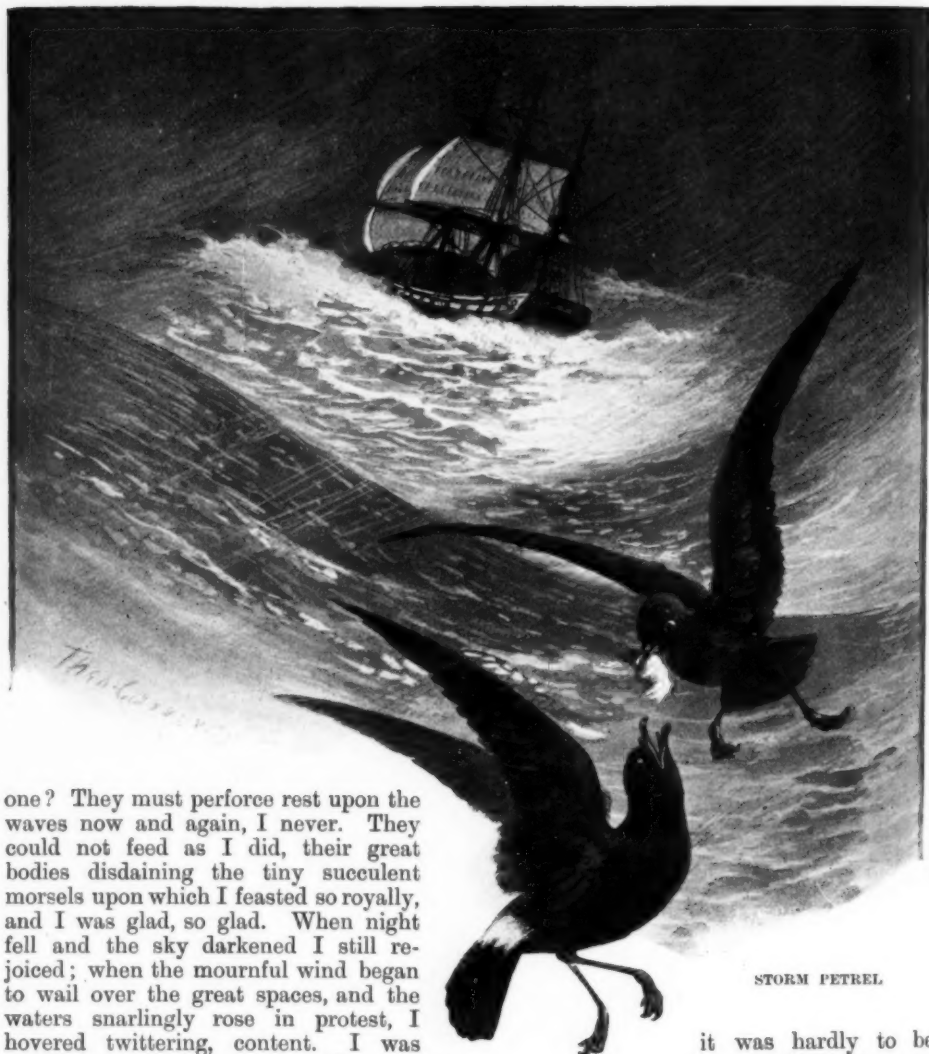
warmth, I was lured slowly along the passage by my gentle little mother (I was so much bigger than she was), I trembled so that I could hardly move. You see, I had never before moved except in the tiny little hollow where I was born. But at last we reached the opening, and to my amazement and fear my mother floated away into space, leaving me shivering there, and watching her with starting eyes. Feebly I cried to her to come back to me, but she replied with gentle twitterings of invitation, in response to which I felt an earnest, an almost fierce desire to do as she was doing, to join her in those graceful airy circles that she was making. Then my father flashed on to the scene. Where he came from I did not see, but there he was joining his entreaties to those of my mother's, and every little while caressing her with his beak. Oh, how patient they were! It does make me ashamed when I think of the long time during which I resisted their invitations to join them, to try those new wings of mine, which indeed were working jerkily of their own accord at my sides. How many false starts I made, until at last, quite by accident it seemed, I found myself in the air, full of fear but working my limbs frantically in obedience to some hidden, unknown, compelling power.

It is all a blur, all full of mystery, that first flying lesson. All I remember is that presently I found myself on the ledge at the mouth of the tunnel again, with a new strange feeling of triumph all over me, almost overcoming the trembling which had so distressed me. I was trembling still, but part of it was due to joy. After that, I was coaxed again and again to try those wings of mine, and no more food was brought into the tunnel for me. I found myself growing apparently stronger, lighter and lighter. I did not know, of course, that the latter was really the case, the mass of fat with which I was encumbered when first I tried to fly having become absorbed in my tissues, and muscle having taken its place. It had been necessary in order to keep me warm when I did not move, but now as I needed it no more it had gone. So day by day I became stronger and more daring, until, almost unthinkingly, I dashed out of the narrow opening between those mighty rocks and was on the glorious sea, my real, my splendid home. And in that wonderful moment I felt all the joy of

living, the delight of being in my rightful place and master of my surroundings. I felt eager to emulate my parents, to do what they could not do, although instinctively I followed their every movement. Another surprise, and an essentially pleasant one; as my father swooped down the side of a wave, I saw him snatch at a little white wriggling thing there and swallow it. There was another by its side at which I dashed, seized it and gulped it down. Delicious first morsel, how sweet it was to feel that I had gained it, and that all this wide feasting ground was mine.

For a few days this finishing portion of my education went on, I growing more and more impatient of being taught, until one day my father and I hooked our beaks into the same squid, a bigger one than usual, and I fought savagely with him for the possession of it. Unknown to me the parting of our ways had come. From henceforth he was no more to me or I to him than any two chance-met members of our family, and although we returned to our home that night, it was for the last time together. I slept soundly till dawn, then waking to instant activity, as is the custom of all our people, sped outwards to sea to find myself, as far as my two parents were concerned, quite alone. As I have before said, for a little time it was very lonely. But soon the natural adjustment took place, pride in my ability to do as my parents had done, even better than they, took the place of my first sense of loss, and I went on with my task of getting food whole-heartedly. But now I felt no desire to return to that quiet little nook which had hitherto sheltered me. I did not feel the need of shelter at all. Nor did I feel the necessity of companionship. Blithely I fluttered from wave to wave intent on finding food, nor noting how the grim peaks of Kerguelen were fading even from my keen sight. I felt as if I had just been released for a long, long holiday, the mighty ocean for my playground, abundant food at my feet, and the possibility of weariness withheld. Ah, I was so happy! I flew on and on, unheeding whither, taking note of an occasional lordly relation, a huge albatross, or a flight of petrels of much greater size, but, as I noted with satisfied pride, far less vigorous than I, but with none of them did I speak or stay for one moment. What had I in common with them—I, the self-sufficient, the weariless

The Petrels (*Procellaria*)



STORM PETREL

one? They must perforce rest upon the waves now and again, I never. They could not feed as I did, their great bodies disdaining the tiny succulent morsels upon which I feasted so royally, and I was glad, so glad. When night fell and the sky darkened I still rejoiced; when the mournful wind began to wail over the great spaces, and the waters snarlingly rose in protest, I hovered twittering, content. I was satisfied, why not they? Steadily rose the wind, higher mounted the waves, what cared I? I was master of the whole wild scene, the tumult of the elements was but a lullaby, not to rock me to slumber, but to please my delighted ear, as, unconscious of effort, I still sped to and fro in the darkness of the great night.

By morning I was hungry, so eager for food that all other sensations lay waiting. The storm was at its height, the sky nearly touched the sea. The waves rolled long and sullenly, unable to rise to their desired size, for the pressure of the wind held them down. The air was full of wetness,

it was hardly to be known from the sea itself. But I was shut in from it all by a downy envelope, my body (you could hold three in your hand at once) hot, fully sheltered, palpitating with eager living. I skimmed along the hissing, curdling surface of the sea, eating my fill in peace, and utterly unheeding the war of wind and wave as I did so. But when my hunger was appeased I felt no slothful desire to fold my wings and sleep. Added energy, ecstasy of movement impelled me, and filled me with great content. The bliss of living possessed me entirely, and although not another of my kind was near, I felt no

The Petrels (*Procellaria*)

need of one. I was satisfied with myself for company. But presently I saw, looming up through the gloom of the spindrift, a vast shadowy bulk which for the moment gave me a strange sensation of dread. I did not know it; was it my island home that I had unknowingly come back to? I drew nearer to it in spite of my fears, and then suddenly knew that I had nothing to dread. It was a ship, a great vessel being sorely beaten and battered by the mighty sea. How proud I felt as I saw that gigantic bulk straining to keep her place, quivering to the summit of her tall masts, and rolling in the seething smother like a dying whale, that I, whose body, by her side almost as a grain of dust, was so absolutely safe, comfortable, and free from all apprehension even of danger! I saw men for the first time. Strange beings they were, tottering about that great thing as I did ere I learned to fly, evidently not at home, evidently very much at the mercy of that vengeful sea, and fully conscious of the fact. Poor men. I knew somehow that they would not harm me, knew too that I should here find food. Felt strangely certain that in some mysterious way we had been friends for many generations: that is, my forefathers had with theirs, and the knowledge had come down to me. So I fluttered about and about her, noting her every detail, and especially the half-admiring, half-pitying glances cast upon me by the men who stood clutching some support, all over her.

As I hovered around her my liking for her increased, and especially for the sweet, the delicious morsels which continually floated away from her in the broad smooth space she left as she drifted sidelong. I was very busy, happy of course, but kept fully employed because these morsels did not cloy, but rather tempted my vigorous healthy appetite. And besides, I felt prouder than ever because I was sure that those strange beings were continually admiring me, and wondering at my familiarity with the terrible sea which was so threatening to me. And then suddenly there came the great joy of my life. Had I been able to tell my experience to any, I should have said that my joy was full, complete, but I did not know. As I fluttered around her for the thousandth time, I met one of my own kind. For the moment I was indignant. The ship was mine by right of discovery. Who else dare intrude, and by

what right? And then with a sweet low voice the new-comer introduced herself. Oh, the exquisite sound of it! I flew to her side, I found her, she was mine. The climax to my joy was reached, it was love! First hunger, then fear, succeeded conscious effort, sense of power overcoming, and now love. The sea, the sky, the ship, the food, the power of unwearied flight were now all leading up and accessory to this, the greatest of all forces, overbrimming with delights, the all-embracing joy of love. Henceforth our desires were entwined. Did I find a delicious morsel, it was hers, mine the exquisite pleasure of seeing her enjoy it. Did she call me to a new treasure of food floating by, oh! the rapture of sharing it with her. And when a little boy on the deck of the ship, the weather having moderated greatly, said to his mother standing by, "Oh, look, mamma, I believe that dear little bird has found a wee wife!" I could have screamed with delight had it been in my power to do so.

In due time we tired of the ship, for when the breeze suited, and all her wings were spread again, she went steadily, straightly forward, so fast too that it became irksome for us to flutter round and round her, as we loved to. And besides, her company was no longer to us the pleasantness it had been before we became all in all to each other. Still for long we flew side by side in perfect content, visiting many ships, seeing many new faces, and always happy, for we were never afraid. Our world seemed inhabited only by friends. We skimmed over seas that teemed with life under the continual sun by day and the tender violet of the sky by night, we saw many new lands—and sheered off from them—what needed we of the land? We lived and loved, and were happy because we did; until there came a day when we both, having all feelings, not to say thoughts, in common, had the need laid upon us to go south again. We were then trying to be fond of a great ship that sped, unrestingly as ourselves, through the sea with an everlasting whirlpool behind that we did not like—I cannot say we feared it. And with one accord we abandoned our pleasant fluttering to and fro. Side by side we stretched our wings and made haste, as never before, towards the bleak south, nor ever paused until once more we darted in between those

The Petrels (*Procellaria*)

mighty walls of rock, sheltering the tiny nook where I was born. As we did so I felt just one doubt lest it should be pre-occupied, but I need not have done so. It was ready for us. My sweet one crept in, I following her, until settling down she cooed contentedly, invitingly, and I, nestling by her side, let all things slip away into deepest peace.

When I awoke my dear partner did not stir. I knew, and, caressing her, hastened away intent upon what I understood as love's privilege, to provide for *her*. Out between the rocks I darted, found what I sought, and returned. It was another added joy. Oh, I was so happy! Of all the delights I have ever known—and my little life has been overflowing with them—there have been none like this. I worked incessantly, untiringly to feed her, my patient love. I did not know why, nor could I inquire. But she sat in darkness

waiting for some blissful event, I her only sunshine, her only means of support, the one whom she trusted, and with reason. I could have wished that time to have lasted but for her. I did feel the need of her sweet company out upon the sea. And yet I was content, for I knew in some strange manner that all was well. But when she rose to meet me, as one morning I returned with full beak for her, her little velvety body swelling with conscious pride, and I saw a strange gaping bunch at her side, I felt a shock. Had I a rival? Indeed I had, my son. I had no joy of him, for I felt he separated me from her. She was all I needed, no third. Still with her I laboured to feed him, to teach him, to launch him in life. And at last I was rewarded, when, finding he was well able to fish for himself, we two sped northward again to renew our happy journeyings to and fro upon the lovely sea.

A Day with the Blind

A FRIEND of ours tells us of a house-porter to a City firm, whom he once heard giving directions to some one in search of a place in South London. "Go over Blackfriars Bridge," he said, "go by the obstacle in the middle of the road, and

then turn up by the school of the indignant blind." The "obstacle" was, of course, the familiar obelisk, but why the "indignant blind"?

The reference is not so obvious, until you remember that until 1903 there stood at



SCHOOL FOR THE INDIGENT BLIND AT LEATHERHEAD

View of main building from entrance gates

A Day with the Blind

St. George's Circus, Southwark, for more than a hundred years the School for the Indigent Blind.

The school originated at the close of the eighteenth century in a visit to Paris of seven gentlemen who were much impressed by the work carried on among the blind by Valentine Haüy. They succeeded in interesting others and in obtaining generous contributions, as the result of which the School for the Indigent Blind was founded in 1799. In 1901 the site in St. George's Circus was purchased by the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway Company, under compulsory powers granted by Parliament, and after much consideration, the Committee decided to acquire fifteen acres of land at Leatherhead, in Surrey, on which to erect their new building. It is little wonder that the beautiful county which has attracted the Charterhouse School to Godalming should have exercised its spell also upon the authorities



THE REV. ST. CLARE HILL, M.A., PRINCIPAL

of the School for the Blind.

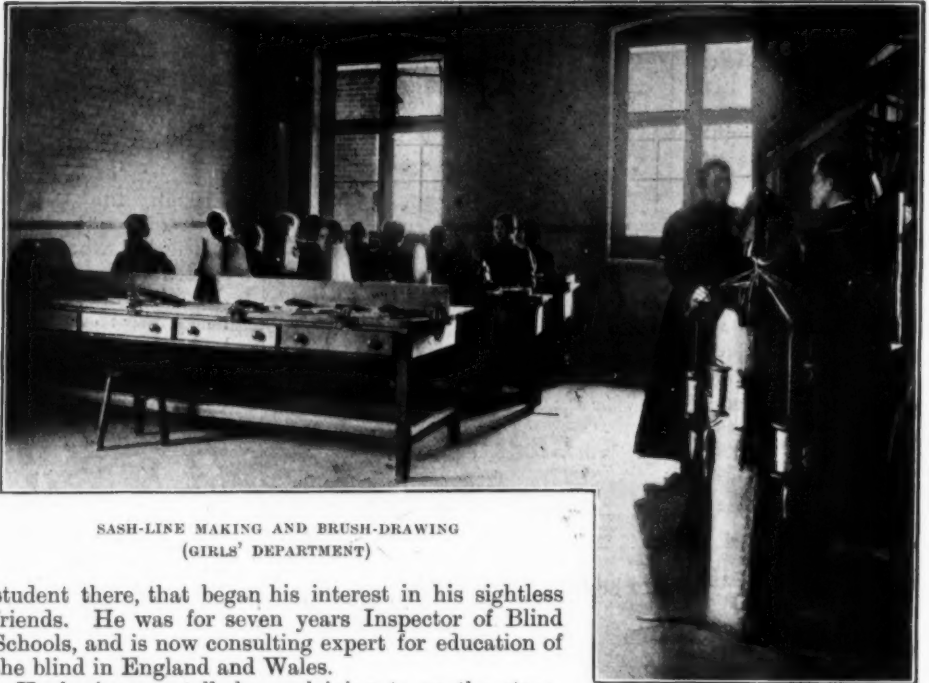
The blackbirds and thrushes are warbling among "the budded quicks" as we make our way on a bright morning in spring through the pretty town of Leatherhead to the hill where the school stands. Beside the great door which leads into the central hall we notice a foundation-stone, bearing an inscription, which records that it was laid on November 13, 1901, by Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian.

Presently we receive a hearty welcome from the Principal, the Rev. St. Clare Hill, M.A. A moment's glance tells us that he is the right man in the right place. A keen eye, a kindly smile, a quiet but firm bearing toward subordinates and pupils—here assuredly is a man who knows how to combine the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. A graduate of Cambridge University, it was a paper which he read on blind education in a debating society when a



VIEW OF THE SCHOOLS FROM "HIGHLANDS"

A Day with the Blind



SASH-LINE MAKING AND BRUSH-DRAWING
(GIRLS' DEPARTMENT)

student there, that began his interest in his sightless friends. He was for seven years Inspector of Blind Schools, and is now consulting expert for education of the blind in England and Wales.

He begins our talk by explaining to us the structure of the building, and it is easy to see that, with the able help of the architect, it is largely Mr. Hill's creation. He and the architect visited the important blind schools in England and on the Continent, and inspected plans of various institutions in America. A glance at the plan of the ground-floor as we pass, shows us the main principles on which the school is constructed. On either side of the central hall is an open grass court surrounded by corridors or cloisters. The buildings on the right of the main entrance are those for the "boys" or young men; those on the left are for the "girls" or young women. The cloisters enable



BRUSH SHOP (BOYS' DEPARTMENT)

A Day with the Blind

pupils to take exercise in the open air without being exposed to the rough weather. Pupils can reach every part of the building without passing out of cover. The recreation-rooms are distinct from the school-rooms and the workshops. Reading-rooms, where silence is enforced, are provided on each side of the institution. Provision is made for the physical development of the pupils. Before we pass from the question of structure, we notice the excellent precautions taken against fire and the provision made in case of it. The building is regarded as fire-proof, yet external stair-cases have been provided, and fire-drill is practised. In the sanatorium there was only one patient on the day of our visit, and it is gratifying to learn that there has not been an epidemic in the institution for over fifty years.

The principal is ably assisted by his staff of teachers. On the girls' side there are a matron, Miss Purnell, and two mistresses resident. On the boys' side the head school-master, Mr. Adams, a London University man, and an assistant, reside. As visiting teachers there are a work-mistress, a music-master, a drill-instructor, and four trade-instructors.

There are over 200 pupils from all parts of England, about two-thirds of whom are males. Admission is by two methods: (1) by election of the subscribers, and (2) by payment of £30 a year. Out of the 200, about 154 are free, and the rest are paying pupils. The great aim of the school is to teach self-reliance. "The primary idea," said Mr. Hill, "is to teach them something by which they can earn their living." This becomes clear as we go through the classrooms and workshops.

On both sides there are junior classes engaged in reading, with the Braille type, and some of the

pupils read aloud for our benefit with a distinctness of enunciation which "sighted" pupils might well imitate. Arithmetic, too, is being done, the system used being that known as "Taylor's," with its perforated boards, and figures like the type used by printers. Then we see the girls at needlework and knitting, at brush-making, and at the production of window sash-line — the fingers

moving so nimbly that it is indeed hard to believe that they are not guided by seeing eyes. On both sides large attention is given to music. There are seventeen practising-rooms, and six music-rooms, so constructed on an ingenious plan that a pupil practising



THE DRILL-SERGEANT

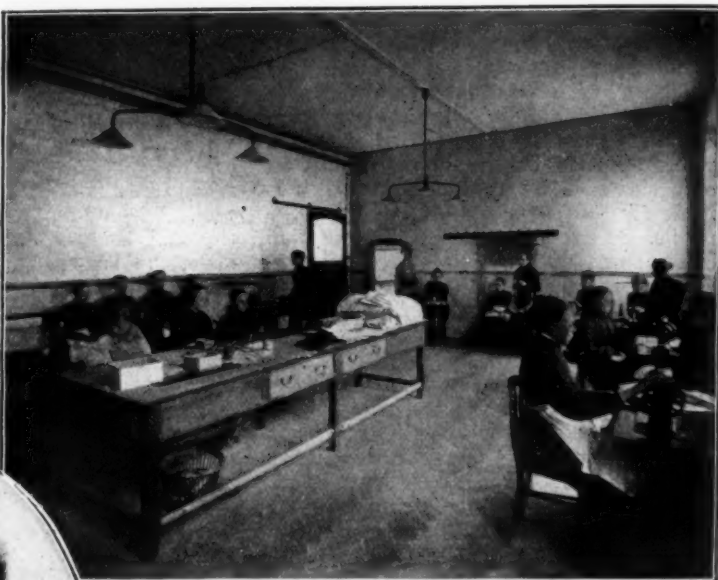


ONE OF THE DORMITORIES ON THE BOYS' SIDE

A Day with the Blind

in one room will not hear the piano which is being played in the next.

All pupils are admitted for a period of six years. In that time they are expected to learn a trade, the minimum time required for this being three years. Basket-making is an important in-



AUTOMATIC KNITTING

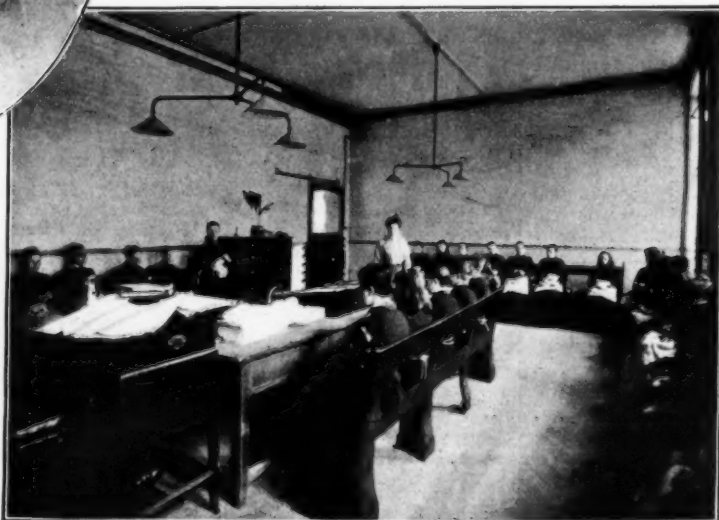
attention and skill are devoted to the making of mats and rugs. A healthy rivalry among the pupils in all these workshops is encouraged by a system of marks, and twice a year money-prizes, varying from £1 to 1s., are given as rewards of diligence and skill.

As we saw the careful work turned out in the shape of baskets, brushes, mats, rugs, etc., the question arose in our mind, which, as it doubtless arises in the minds of



THE MATRON
MISS FUNNELL

dustry. One of the young men engaged in this work had lost his sight in the China War. He was in the Navy, and was wounded when with Admiral Seymour's force between Taku and Tientsin. Then a great deal of



HAND-SEWING AND KNITTING ROOM

A Day with the Blind



BASKET SHOP (JUNIORS)

others, we put, though with some diffidence, to the genial Principal. It was this, "If your pupils can turn out such excellent work as this, why is not the institution self-supporting?" His answer entirely satisfied us. "The factory in Waterloo Road, London, is," he said, "self-supporting, as the blind persons who work there have already been trained. But obviously the trade done in the school cannot be, as so much of it is teaching. Contracts are undertaken, however, both at the school and at the factory, and illustrated price - catalogues are to be obtained at the dépôt, 491, Oxford Street. By purchasing goods here, much useful help might be given to the work among the blind."

Amid all this busy industry, it is pleasant to find that the spiritual aspects of life are not overlooked. The services held in the beautiful chapel are an important factor in the life of the little community. Music, as might be expected, has

a large place. The Principal assembled the choir of about fifty voices, so that we might hear some of their religious music. Five pupils (three girls and two boys) take it in turn to act as organist, the teacher of music being Mr. W. Lucas, A.R.C.O., a sighted man. Among the music which the choir sang were the Magnificat (Barnby in E flat), the anthem by Garrett, "Our soul on God with patience waits" (No. 1253 in Novello's Anthem - book), and Mendelssohn's beautiful "Judge me, O



MAT SHOP

A Day with the Blind



AN ORGAN LESSON

God." The enunciation and the sustained notes in all were almost perfect, the last-named music in particular being splendidly sung. We were also struck with the utter absence of restlessness on the part of the choir during more than half-an-hour of singing and intervals. During the actual singing they stood with their hands absolutely motionless. One could wish that many of our "sighted" choirs would learn the lesson—a lesson taught here by continual and patient training.

How perfect the discipline is, we saw in connexion with the singing. When the Principal asked for one of these anthems, it was found that the soloist, a girl who had taken the solo part on the previous Sunday, was unable to sing, as her throat was being attended to. At first the choir thought they could not sing the anthem; but then they said they would try it. The monitor on the girls' side just named another to take the place of the absent soloist.

This monitorial system is carried out with admirable results on the boys' side. The idea is to make the pupils not only

self-reliant in work, but also self-governing. There is a prefect of the school, and a monitor in every department, and it is really through them that discipline is maintained.

We had a further glimpse of the orderliness of the school when we visited the boys' dining-room just as the bell rang for dinner. From the moment the bell was rung, and the grace sung, until every boy was served, the whole time occupied was less than five minutes. The words of the grace were, "The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord; and Thou givest

them their meat in due season. Glory be to the Father, etc."

Large platefuls of meat soon disappeared. No limit is placed on the food, which, as the Principal very truly remarked to us, is really the most economical plan, if people only knew it. With remarkable dexterity the pupils cut up the food for themselves. During the dinner-hour, the letters which have arrived for the boys are opened for them, and read to them in turn by the assistant-master; and here, too, no limit is placed to the correspondence.

The spotlessly clean and airy dormitories, the spacious gymnasium, the well-arranged system of baths, all go to complete one of the finest philanthropic institutions to be seen anywhere in the world. The annual sum of £3000 required for maintenance of the Institution seems small in comparison with the excellence of the work done and the results obtained. To help one of the most helpless classes in the community thus to help themselves is surely a noble and Christian work.

C. H. I.

'Twixt Frosty Caucasus and Ararat

BY JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE CARDINAL'S PAGE," "JOHN WESTACOTT," ETC.

IT is the mood of some travellers to think that any journey done by railway is of the commonplace; but there are some bits of railway in the world that are as

exciting as a camel journey, and as full of interest as a cross-country expedition on horseback. Many an excitement have I experienced on queer railway journeys,

'Twixt Frosty Caucasus and Ararat

from the rail that penetrates into the Arctic Circle to the little clambering hill-trains in Sicily, or on the newly-laid rails in Upper Egypt. But one of the most fascinating of railway journeys is the twelve hours' run on the rail that leads one from the shores of the Black Sea to Tiflis.

Everything combines here to keep the traveller on the *qui vive*, for both nature and man are exciting and strange to look upon.

The distance is only a little over two hundred miles, but we are in no hurry on this railway that demanded so heavy a toll of human life in the making; so we settle down for twelve hours' enjoyment. The carriages are the usual comfortable Russian bed and lounge carriage with corridors and plenty of windows, so that the glorious views may be enjoyed. Our carriage happened to be at the end of the train, and close to the engine was the refreshment saloon, where excellent chai, the light, delicate Russian tea, with lemon and other drinks and eatables were obtainable; and we looked forward to a walk along the train, but we little knew what that walk meant.

After the wide streets and the new forts that command the port of Batoum are passed, we soon run out and on along the coast of the blue waters of the Black Sea, with corn growing on our right hand, and to the flat, swampy plain that still gives out malarious miasma, but which is fast being made to yield payment to its inhabitants. At Tchakhva tea is being cultivated successfully, and other Eastern plants, such as rami, bamboos, oranges, mandarins, camphor-trees, etc., and the variety of fruit that is offered for sale in the district is remarkable. Chinese have been imported to direct the tea-growing.

Marsh and lakelets and jungle-like under-



A PASTORAL GROUP OF TZIGANI

growth cover still a great part of this plain, and the little huts are built on piles to raise them above the swamp. The primitive carts are on solid timber wheels without spokes, looking like antique vehicles strayed from some old Greek sculpture. In the distance over the flat land are the peaks of the Caucasus, as light illumined vapour piling cloud over cloud.

At Samtredi, where the Poti line joins in, the scene was full of colour and life—Georgians, Kurds, Tartars, Persians, and a score of other Asiatic nationalities, with Turks and Russians, Greeks and Armenians, in fez and turban, fur or sheepskin head-dress, and in robes of many colours.

And now we were on classic ground, following in the steps of Jason, for lying in the plain is a little town that creeps up the mountain slopes, beyond which rises up the great chain all snowy and glittering of the Caucasus. It is Kutais, in the land where grew the sacred oak on which hung the Golden Fleece, for this is the ancient land of Colchis, now a great silkworm plain with miles of mulberry-trees, their leaves in the autumn brilliant in their golden hues. The people of Kutais do not forget the ancient legend of Jason and his search, for the fleece is in the Arms of their town.

'Twixt Frosty Caucasus and Ararat

Here the traveller is indeed in Georgia, surrounded by its princes and princesses, who need not be wealthy, for the chiefs of districts after the Russian occupation were dubbed princes, and all their descendants have adhered to the title. Kutais is well worth halting at, for it is the place to study Georgian customs and Georgian history, and near by is the monastery of Ghelath, with many a reminiscence of the Kings of Georgia, and above all of the famous Queen Tamar, around whose fame have grown up song and legend.

As we halted at Rion a prison train was drawn up at a siding, its windows all barred, and gendarmes with rifles and fixed bayonets on guard, and all along the line one noticed detachments of gendarmes and soldiery, and little pickets at certain spots on the route, reminding one of the careful guarding of a train in which the Tsar travels, when the whole route is patrolled by men, all marching the way of the train.

As we approach Kvrily we get away from the plain country and enter some glorious mountain gorges, where the rapid, turbid rivers rush down to the inland seas. In this late autumn, for it is at the end of October, the foliage on the hill slopes is a brilliant gold and red, intersected with green verdure in which feed numerous flocks of geese that you may buy fatted for a shilling;

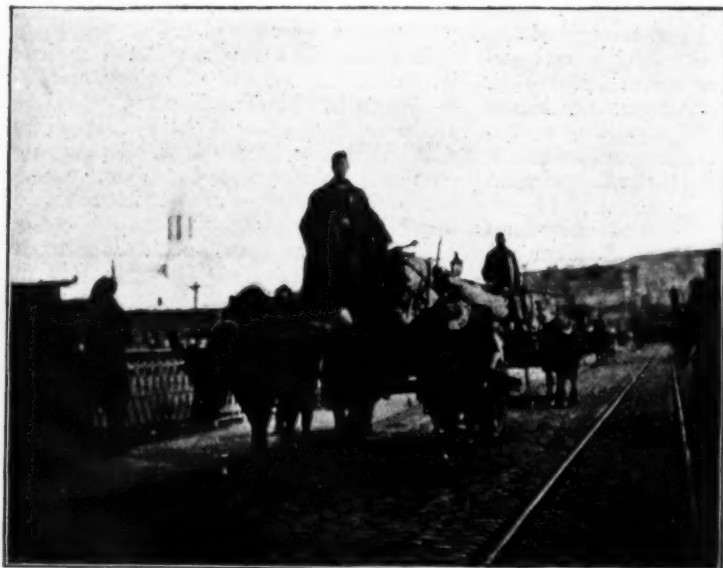
and baskets of apples for which the peasant traveller offers in Grouzinian or Georgian a tchauda—so struck the pronunciation on the ear—and this coin is but five kopecks, or a penny, and the whole basket of lovely apples was bought for the copper coin. The sight of the peasant travellers and their purchases suggested a stroll through the train to the dining-car, and what a sight we saw ere we arrived at that car, for the train was a very long one, and packed with the natives of many a land all in their distinctive dress.

It has been perhaps rashly stated that Tiflis is a city of seventy nationalities, and certainly this strange, brilliantly-clad crowd that were journeying thither seemed to warrant the truth even of this statement.

The train was an emigrant camp or a ship on wheels; the whole of the third-class was a hive of varied peoples grouped on seats or on the floor of the carriages, smoking, talking, eating, sleeping, men and women and children all in varied dresses. There were Georgian women well dressed, with the picturesque circular head-dress, the tassakrave, over which falls in graceful folds the chadra or veil of silk or lace; near by was a group of stalwart Circassians in their long dressing-gown-like robes knotted with girdles, out of which stuck great knives or daggers. Across their breasts

were the numerous cartridge-cases, on their heads the high fur or astrachan caps of varied colours, their long robe-coats being of very varied hues, old-gold being a favourite colour. A dervish or two in their ragged robes of many colours, with faded turbans twisted round their long, unkempt hair, their long beards falling upon their chests.

With these, in strong contrast, were some Armenian pastors in black robes, and



ON THE BRIDGE AT TIFLIS

'Twixt Frosty Caucasus and Ararat

some Russian priests with long beards and hair falling over their shoulders, one young man having his long, jet-black hair in a fine plait down his back, enough to make any young girl envious.

A Turk in a brilliant pink shirt and dark fez was near a Persian in long, faded rose-coloured robes and old turban. Some Tartars were in robes of every brilliant hue, and some of the tall mountaineers in dark-brown dresses looked as though brigandage or even murder would be a pleasant pastime;¹ and yet this was but the third-class carriage of a train, and we

¹ Since writing this article a *Times* correspondent describes this train being held up by seven or eight third-class passengers, who had swiftly changed into first-class brigands.

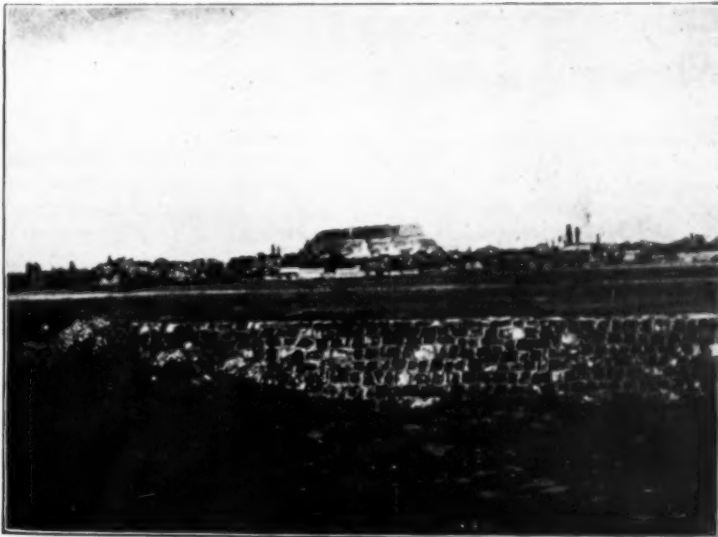


TWO TARTARS AND GROUP OF CIRCASSIANS

were passing through to a dining-car—truly a kaleidoscope of cosmopolitanism. The scent in these carriages was positively hot and pungent—it was an admixture of the Bedouin odour with the scent of a Russian moujik crowd—but the strange sights repaid one for this touch of the disagreeable.

But the arrival at Kvrilly and a halt, made us leave the train for the scenes on the platform.

From this point the interest increases, the rail becomes snake-like in its windings amidst the rocky gorges and golden valleys, for all the trees are rich in their brilliant autumn hues; at one spot we see a timber bridge has been carried away by the floods that form wide bays to the river during winter floods;



ACROPOLIS OF GORI

'Twixt Frosty Caucasus and Ararat

purple range on purple range of hills rise up with the old castles, now in ruins, of the Georgian nobles.

One gets bits of Scotland, of Ireland, and of Wales, but with the giant peaks and frost-bound chain of the Caucasus beyond these purple and golden and ruddy hills, whose lower slopes are of green pasture dotted with numerous flocks of geese.

At Michaelovo we lose sight of the six-inch oil-pipe that has run beside the rail all the way from Batoum, and now we soon run on to Gori, famous in legend and history.

What a glorious view is had as we enter

dress and its multi-coloured hues proves the variety of the population.

Between here and the strange old town of Mzkhet a sharp look-out should be kept to the south of the train, for at a certain spot rising up far far away between a break in the nearer mountain chains may be seen Ararat, with its snow-clad flattened cone. It is only for a few minutes that it can be seen, but it rises up into the clear blue, sharply defined by its pure whiteness, and is a sight worth watching for.

At Mzkhet there is much to be seen, and the groups here at the railway-station are very noteworthy. A couple of Tartars in

vivid red were surrounded by a group in deep-blue tunics or long old-gold robes. One man was attired in purple trousers, jack-boots, a black tunic with silver decorations with a purple collar, and capped with a large black astrachan cap. It is such colour as this, added to the variety and hues of the women's dress, that keeps the eyes of the traveller ever interested.

But Mzkhet is a place of great interest, and so close to Tiflis that a



AT MZKHET

Gori. The town with its acropolis reminds one in this latter point of Athens, the isolated rock with the citadel upon it rising out of the plain; but instead of the little heights of Parnes and Pentelicus and Hymettus, backing this acropolis is the Caucasus glittering in the sunshine. The building of this citadel is attributed in a poetical legend to Queen Thamar. The grey-brown walls of the fortress rise up above the pink and white houses of the town that are dominated by the grey and green spires of the churches, and beyond over the plain rise up those mightier spires and domes of frosty Caucasus, glittering in pure white and capped by glorious cloud masses. The lovely fruit sold here in quantities shows the fertility of the plain, and the diversity of

day's excursion may include it. It was the capital of Georgia, and around it now are the gardens that produce the wondrous fruit one has in Tiflis: grapes an inch and a half long, and apples thirteen and a half inches round, of lovely flavour.

It was here that Sainte Nino or Nina—for her name is spelt in both ways by the same writers—preaching Christianity in the fourth century, is said to have discovered the coat of Christ brought here by Longinus, who witnessed the crucifixion, and was a Georgian. The whole history is curious, but space forbids more here. Mzkhet is now but a village, but its cathedral and churches retain much of interest. The church on the hill above it stands on the spot where Nino erected one of her crosses.



Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

THE writer of the letters from which we give the following extracts is a young man of twenty-two. He was for several years clerk to a chartered accountant, and afterwards held for two years a responsible position in a firm of woollen merchants, until his health became bad.

Thinking that an outdoor life would be beneficial to him, he decided to try farming in Canada. Paying all his own expenses, he went out with the "Barr party." Leaving Liverpool on March 31, 1903, they arrived at St. John's, April 11, 1903.

He and his friends left the party at Winnipeg, having arranged with the Rev. Mr. Barr to join the "All British Colony" at Saskatchewan in a year's time. They had paid their homestead fees and other money to him before leaving London.

The letters were written to his father, mother, and other members of his family. It should be stated that they were written without any thought of publication, but were handed to us at the suggestion of a friend who had read them. Our readers will agree with us in thinking that they contain much interesting information, and are a graphic picture of the life of a settler in the far North-West.

S.S. ———,

Sunday, April 5, 1903.

This is my first Sunday from home. So I thought you would like a short letter. Now, before I commence, you must distinctly understand I am in good health. I was very ill on Wednesday, as also was F—— E——, but we have recovered quite for some days. So, you see, I am now able to look at things in a quite unbiassed light.

Now, about this boat. She is a slow and filthy tub; licensed by the Board of Trade to carry 980 passengers. She has, however, now on board over 2200, so the congestion can be imagined. Only half the people can get meals. They have "shoved" up so-called sleeping accommodation in the holds, etc. We sleep in a hold, three decks down, and below the water-line. It is horribly close and "smelly."

It appears there are some 200 persons on board who have no connexion with the party, but who were put in as ordinary passengers by ——— & Co. Anyway, I came prepared to rough it, and I have done so, although, I am thankful to say, it has done me no harm.

Tuesday, April 7.

It is a wretched day, and we are having a terribly slow passage. It does not seem at all likely that we shall reach St. John, New Brunswick, before Sunday. There is a possibility of the ship putting in at Newfoundland, in which case we shall not reach St. John until an even later date.

I suppose you have had a good many yarns dished up in the papers about the arrangements that have been made for the comfort and transport of this large party. So far as the accommodation and catering of this ship is concerned, I can assure you they are *lies*. We shall be more glad than can be imagined to get off this overcrowded and filthy boat. So far as the people are concerned, the Londoners are all right, but the provincials and yokels, as a rule, have no manners or sense of decency. We shall catch the first train we can at St. John and leave them, as we do not wish to see any more of them until we go to our homesteads next year.

Our party of four are going to Qu'Appelle and Regina, so that we shall be in the same district.

I have not come across my basket yet, containing provisions, enamel-ware, etc., and feel very anxious, as I must have them on the train. Having those small parcels was a great mistake, as one is compelled to have them taken on board; the baggage people plant them anywhere, and do not discriminate between the "Wanted" and "Not Wanted" labels, which are all bunkum. The small parcel you sent I did not receive until yesterday, after being on the ship nearly a week.

Canadian Pacific Railway, Colonist Car 1107,

Province of Quebec, nearing Montreal,

April 13, 1903.

Yesterday was the most extraordinary Sunday I have ever spent. We were divided into four parties; the first to go

Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

by the first special train being those who were not going right on to Saskatoon. We—the first lot—were landed at 9 o'clock A.M., and anxiously waited and watched the luggage coming on shore. It was frightfully bleak and cold, so about midday we went to the Government store and purchased enough food for the four of us on the train journey. Then we sat down on our baggage, and had dinner on the quay. *Menu*: brawn, bread, biscuits, cakes, oranges, apples—eaten *à la* pocket-knife.

As there was no sign of the train going, and anyway we could not go without our luggage, we went to the dock end of St. John for a couple of hours, and finding two coffee shops open, we had some hot coffee. "The boss" was a Boston nigger, and we had some fun with him. Next we discovered a druggist's open, where we bought some chocolate and cigarettes. The chemists here take advantage of being allowed to open Sundays, and they sell almost everything. Then we went back to the quay, and *all* our traps turned up in a few minutes. We quickly borrowed a truck, piled it with the luggage, which we planted in our above address. It is like a yacht—"clean and sweet and very convenient." You can go from one end of the train to the other; it has a passage down the centre, with seats at right angles, in twos, facing each other. These seats pull out like a roller-top desk, and meet together, forming a bed for two. Then running along each side of the car are things like big hat-racks, which lower down and make bunks, so every one has a sleeping-berth.

Well, we all four kept together, and, after we started, unpacked and pooled our provisions. Then we had "high tea"—birthday cake (sister Mabel's), biscuits, bread-and-butter, tea (very good).

It seemed so fine to get our own wholesome food after the filth on the boat. After tea we adjourned to the next car (a smoker), where they were having an extempore concert. Afterwards to bed. We might, however, have slept better if the train did not roll, bump, and jerk quite so much. We got used to the motion of the boat, but this is much worse. I do not know how we shall feel when we sleep on a firm foundation again. We rose at six o'clock, washed and brushed, then prepared our breakfast—bread, boiled bacon, butter, biscuits, cakes, apples, oranges, peach jam,

tea. I can assure you we do our food full justice.

It is beautifully bright now; there is still a little snow to see about. It is rapidly disappearing. The wooded country and plains looked lovely by the bright moonlight.

Chapleau Station,

April 14.

A poor fellow has just jumped off the train on to this station, and has his leg completely smashed. They are sending him back, some two hundred miles, by special train, where the leg will be amputated. We are all well, and when we are not eating or preparing a meal, we sit on the steps outside the car, and let the air soak into our lungs; it is glorious; the engines simply tear along. It is impossible for any one who has not been here to grasp the magnitude of this continent and the magnificence of its varied scenery. Hour after hour, and day after day, travelling at a great speed through vast forests and great lakes, waterfalls, prairies, farm-lands, snow, ice, and sunshine, and the cold moonlight at night. I saw Lake Superior by moonlight.

Wednesday, 15th, just passed Fort William. Our party on this train alone collected £20 for the man who lost his leg yesterday.

South Qu'Appelle Station,

Assa, Canada, N.W.T.,

Saturday, April 18, 1903.

I arrived here 7 p.m. on Thursday. We reached Winnipeg at midnight Wednesday, and explored that city by moonlight. We had to change trains there, and had to wait until 7 A.M. for the local train, which goes to Moose Jaw, so you see it took us twelve hours to get here from Winnipeg. When we arrived we were completely knocked up, and did not care what became of us.

C—— is not here, but a letter awaited me, saying he had secured me a job with a farmer some twelve miles out. Well, directly I knew I was fixed up all right, we all "got a move on us" (as they say out here), and went and called on several farmers, one of whom engaged E——, others saying they would see us to-day (Saturday), being market-day in town, when all the farmers drive in, one of whom engaged T—— this morning. The remaining one of our party was advised to do carpentering, as there is a great demand

Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

for that class of work in the spring, and the wages are high. He saw a builder, who has promised to give him a job next week. We are now all full up for work. I am leaving to go to my job to-morrow afternoon. We are all now in the best of health and spirits, although we were run down after our long and trying journey. For the first few hours that I was off the train I had a roaring in my ears. We had no sleep for two nights, so you may guess how we felt.

I cannot describe the country yet; it is so vast and strange. There are great prairie fires at night which extend for many miles; it is appalling to see the great flames and the red sky. It is glorious weather; the sky is blue, and the sun is very, very bright; there is a lovely breeze, which is scented with a sweet aroma from the many thousands of miles of prairie grass, which is all dry and bleached by the extreme winter cold. This little town is a typical North-Western place. It is very picturesque, and so strange—nothing but horses and cattle-ranchers, cowboys, farmers, crossbreeds, Indians, and oh! the aliens that are pouring in; but they are invading all parts of Canada; they are mostly the very worst types of Russians, Germans, Scandinavians, Galicians, and the scum of Europe; there are lots of Dokhobors too. It does seem a shame that this fine country should be swarmed by such people, but at times they are so short-handed on farms, etc., that they have to get any labour obtainable, and these creatures can exist where a decent dog would go under. If you know of any one coming out, unless they are carpenters or mechanics, etc., pray them not to go to Winnipeg or any big settled district. Winnipeg is crammed, and there are hundreds of inexperienced men walking about who cannot find work.

*Asa, Canada,
Monday, May 18, 1903.*

I thought you would like to have a letter, telling briefly how things are with me. When I went to — Farm, I felt fairly well, as I had had two days' rest and the weather had been fine, but ever since then it has been very changeable. After I had been there a day or two, they put the hired man and myself in the barn to sleep (the house was small and overcrowded). It was dreadful; there were horses, cows, and

pigs underneath, they made a noise all night, and the smell was unpleasant. So what with getting wet and cold (we could have no fire), and working hard all day, and scarcely any sleep at night, when 5 A.M. came I was very unfit to rise. The food, too, was very poor. The only meat we had was pork (fat), with indifferent potatoes and very weak tea, which practically constituted our three meals a day. As I could see no prospect of bettering myself there, after three weeks I quit.

You see, some of these people do not know how to treat a greenhorn (as they call us out here), but some do, and a fellow who gets in with that kind strikes it lucky. I heard yesterday that some of the Barr colonists, who went right up to the Settlement, had come through on their way home to England again.

The people here denounce Barr, and it is predicted by settlers of long experience that the colony will turn out to be a failure. The first winter here will be a great expense. Work is scarce then, men will work for their board alone. The cold is intense, 40 and 50 deg. below zero. A fur coat and cap are indispensable and are very expensive. It is all paying out for the first year. The winter work is principally hauling the grain from the farms to town, on big wagon sledges over the snow and ice, and unless properly clad one would go under.

I heard that some one wanted a man temporarily to do some odd jobs. I applied, and he said, "Start now, I will board and sleep you, and hire you for one month, paying you what I find you are worth." I would not hire for the month, but agreed to go by the week.

I started on Wednesday last and took my meals in the house, but had to sleep in a terrible loft, over the cowshed, etc. My first job was to put up a rough fence round the garden. He had no "lumber," and I had to break up packing-cases, tubs, and use any odds and ends I could get. I finished it on Saturday. The Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday were tropical hot days. Saturday it turned cold, and has poured with rain, in sheets, which freezes on the ground. I got wet through at night in my bed in the loft, the rain and wind came through the holes and cracks in the wooden roof and walls, which with the straw and my traps became sodden. Last night (Sunday) it was ten times worse; I had not a dry stitch on me, I was awake

Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

with pains all the horrible night. In the morning I said I should have to quit for two or three days, as I felt very unwell. I am boarding in town, which costs me one dollar per day. I came to Canada fully prepared to rough it, but, at the same time, I never expected but to be treated (especially by those who have every opportunity) decently, and like a human being.

I am very disappointed in Canada, although of course the North-West is far rougher and harder than the Eastern Provinces. The majority of the farmers in this part are not well off.

Many would probably think a great deal of what I have told you exaggeration, but it is quite true; if any one is coming to the North-West they perhaps will like to know what they may possibly have to put up with.

There are many things that seem trivial perhaps, but taken together they have made up a pretty formidable whole. Many men could go through more than I have, of course, but I am handicapped by not being as strong as I could wish.

*Assa, Canada, N. W. T.,
May 24, 1903.*

In my last I told how I had to quit work on account of being unwell; had I returned there, the next job required of me was to paint the house (rather beyond my capacity, I fear). I took two days' rest, then engaged to work for an Englishman (who has been out here five years) for a month, and who has bought some land with a bachelor's shack on it, which he wished help to enlarge, also to make a "corral" for cattle. He would have hired me for a season, but was expecting an old friend from England to join him in a fortnight. So it is here I am living and working; the weather has been terrible, it has rained and stormed now for eight days. I have been bucking lumber and cutting pickets for a corral, etc., and have been wet through out in it for three days; even the bed-clothes in the shack are damp at night. You cannot guess how hard these very wet tree-logs are to cut.

I was very glad, when I awoke and rose at five o'clock this morning, that all the rain and storm was over, and it has been a perfect day. The warmth has made me feel much better. I am alone now at this place for the night. It seems very solitary. I have just lit the little camp-stove and the

lamp, and had my supper. The kettle is still singing to me as I clear away.

All around these parts are small ponds, they call them sloughs (pronounced "slews"); and in them are swarms of frogs, which keep up a great singing sort of chatter all day and night, something like large crowds of sparrows do at times, and this is the noise that lulls one to sleep. It is now 9.15 and the sun set long ago. It was glorious, and I ought to be in bed, as I must be up at five sharp.

*Assa, Canada, N. W. T.,
Sunday, June 28, 1903.*

Since writing you a fortnight ago, I had the misfortune to be rather badly kicked by a "broncho" mare. I noticed she had broken her tether and was loose, and went after her and caught the rope, when she turned on me and gave me a terrible kick just below the thigh; I went down like a log, but managed to kneel with my right leg on the rope, and after a few circles she quieted down, when with some difficulty I got her into the stable. I could not sleep or move my leg for some days, but it is much better now. I shall be lame for some time. It was not through carelessness on my part, but sheer "devilry" in the horse. Some of the horses they ride and drive out here people would not go near at home.

My month here will soon be up; I do not yet know what I shall do.

The country is full of "green Englishmen"; it makes my blood boil sometimes to hear the way that the farmers speak of their fresh men, they seem to expect a man to be able to stick the work at once as well as they can. An American said to me yesterday, "What is needful in a hired man is brute strength and ignorance." I hear that the C.P. Railway are taking emigrants back from Winnipeg to England for £5 10s. So that will show what a number there must be who are full up of Canada.

*Assa, Canada, N. W. T.,
July 6, 1903.*

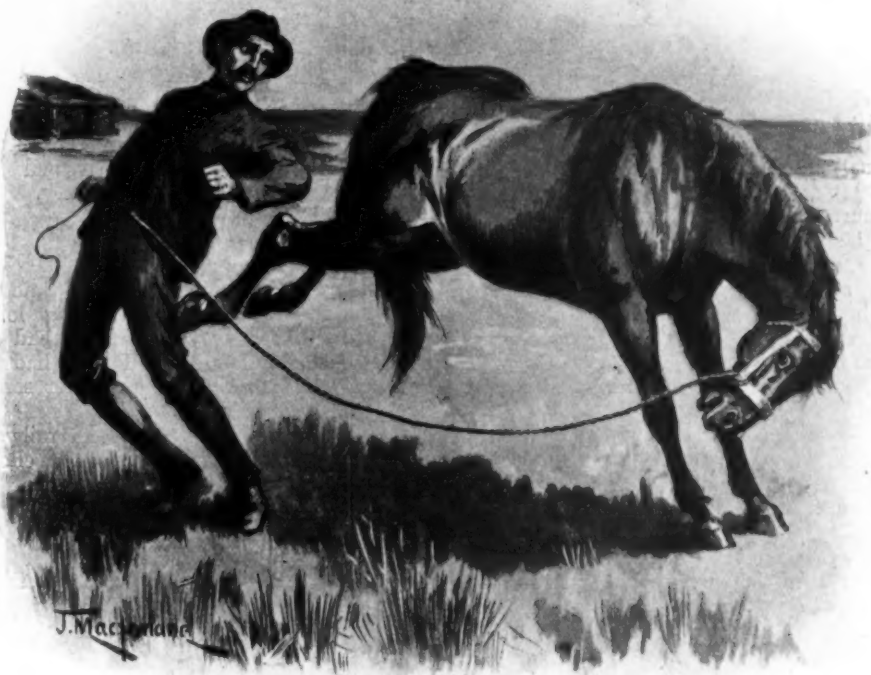
I sleep in one of our tents which T— managed to get when he was in Saskatoon with his "boss." (We paid for two, also for waterproof sheeting, etc., to Mr. Barr, before leaving England.) I wrote long ago about them to Mr. Barr, and received no reply.

Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

I left Mr. J—— at the end of my month (his English friend had arrived). Like most fellows green out, I went to him for a month for what he thought fair. After working at every kind of laborious work from 5 A.M. to 9.30 P.M., and getting near killed by his vicious beast of a mare, he "roped" me. Gave me \$5—at least gave me \$2 on account of \$5; said he was

being built through it, and two new towns are being located.

The other boys, W—— and T——, thought we might be able to start a little store at one town, if we could get enough money together. As H—— is "batching" on his homestead here, W—— and I decided to come out on Friday and have a look around. We arranged with a German



SHE TURNED ON ME AND GAVE ME A TERRIBLE KICK

short of ready cash, and he would give me the balance later. It is a lesson though that I have taken to heart, and there is not a man on this earth that will do this with me again.

W——, N. W. T.,
July 14, 1903.

I am writing from W——, some thirty-five miles from A——. Last week, as I told you, I was in town, not being at all well. We heard a great deal about this district, it being known as the "famous" W—— district. There is a new railway

who was hauling oats to the railway camp, to bring us. We left town at 5 A.M. I turned out of my tent at four, and we reached the camp at six in the evening. We then had to strike across the prairie for six miles to H——'s place. When we got there, thoroughly done up, the sun was just setting. H—— had just come in, with a big eagle he had shot, and with a fine young one he had taken alive, and which is now installed as household pet; he is now feeding it with a "gophir" he has shot.

Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

One of the towns is ten miles from H——'s, and the other four. At the former, a man has already started a store, and cannot get stuff fast enough to meet the demand in his neighbourhood. There is no store at the other township, and W—— has gone to-day to find out all he can, but I can see it would cost a good deal of money to start. All the land is taken up around here, and railway land sold. There is one homestead quarter adjoining H——'s, however, where the person who entered has not put in an appearance, and I am making application to Regina to have it myself; but there is only an off chance of getting it. I am going to work for H—— for a time, and that will give me an opportunity of looking round. He came on this homestead this spring. He has four horses, all the necessary implements, a small stable and shack—the latter he built himself, of course; it is of boards, and measures 12 ft. by 12 ft.; he has a few pigs. The staple food is pork, bannocks, dried beans, dried apples, and "straight tea," no milk being obtainable. It seems pretty rough to me, but I have had a good deal that is new to me to put up with, and it is not so bad, they say, when a man gets down to it, but it is the getting down that is stiff, I find.

H—— has one wagon and is going to get another, then he will be able to haul loads from and to the railway camps here and in town, he driving one and I the other. I shall like that, as it will break the monotony of existence on the prairie and be a change from the hard farm-work. I shall not be able to write very regularly, as the nearest post-office is thirty-five miles.

*W—— Settlement,
July 24, 1903.*

Last week, after H—— had finished what he wanted to do on his homestead, we started freighting goods from A—— to the railway camps on this new line. The camps belong to the contractors who build the line.

It is awfully rough going over the hummocks on the prairie and on the bad trails, and we have to feed and sleep as best we can. We spent last night at the big railway camp, four miles from where the nearest station will be. It is very strange to see the big tents and marquees, and lots of horses tied to wagons, which form a circle round a camp. At intervals there

are fires, or rather "smudges," to keep the mosquitoes and flies off the horses. The men are Yankees and blacks. There are large ploughs and graders standing about, which take sixteen horses to pull them. And altogether, seeing it on the prairie, it is what you would imagine a circus camp to look like at night. We are back at the shack again now, and I ought to be in bed. I am dog-tired, as I have had very little sleep lately. We got into town with two wagons and teams at two o'clock Sunday morning, and slept in a loose box in a stable. On Sunday night we slept in my tent, and last night we were in the "feed" tent at the railway camp, *i.e.* where they keep hay, etc. We did not turn in till late, and had to turn out at four this morning. I could not sleep a wink for the mosquitoes. I have been terribly bitten the last six weeks or so. They make a raid on persons new to the country.

*W——,
Sunday, Aug. 2, 1903.*

I am sorry I do not get much time to write now. We have been doing long journeys. The only time I have had at all has been the few hours I have had to sleep; I have not been in a bed for some days until yesterday.

Last Friday week we left the railway camp near here for a place called "Yellow Grass" with two teams and wagons, to fetch some earthenware drain-pipes, which are placed crosswise under certain parts of the track to drain it. They are of two sizes, large ones of about 3 cwt., and small ones about 1 cwt.

We did not have two wagons, but only one, the other affair being the flat bottom of an old hay-rack which, H—— theorised, would carry a good many pipes. I drove this precious concern, and it will always be a wonder to me how I did it without breaking my neck. Going over the rough trails and hummocks on the prairie it jumped and tossed about like a small boat in a very rough sea.

In the wagon H—— drove were some pigs, which he hoped to sell in Yellow Grass. We reached that place about 8 p.m. H—— would not go into town for supper, so we camped by the side of the railway track and managed with what we had got, which was precious little.

Well, about eleven o'clock he had sold the pigs, and I had to drive them out to a

Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada



A THUNDERSTORM CAME ON, AND THE RAIN CAME DOWN IN SHEETS

farm some distance and deliver them. I got them out, and after a great deal of trouble unloaded them. You do not know what trouble good-sized, healthy, live pigs are. When I got back to Yellow Grass, and we had got things together, it was nearly two o'clock *Sunday* morning. We slept on the ground in the livery stable, and H— said we must be up at four o'clock and load

the pipes, and get away again. Just fancy, two hours' rest! But I must tell you H— is a very inconsiderate person.

Well, we got up just after four and put on our two loads of pipes and got out about midday, just as the people were driving home from church. We managed to get a few miles out, and then the old hay-rack was rocking so that we had to

Experiences of a City Clerk in Canada

stop. We had a dry dinner—I have had several now, and it is not nice. Our Sunday dinner consisted of "soda biscuits" and jam. We stayed there until about six o'clock, and then, being thirsty and not having watered the horses, we hitched up and went on.

Presently we came to a bachelor's shack, and, looking through the window, we saw a bowl of lemon drink, but alas! the door was locked and we could not get in. In the yard was a barrel, and at the bottom was the remnant of the water it had contained. It was mud then, but I swallowed a handful. About eight o'clock we camped by the side of a big puddle for supper. Just as the tea and things were ready a thunderstorm came on, and the rain came down in sheets. By the time we had got the things together and had fixed the horses I was drenched to the skin. We got under the wagon, but the rain came through in torrents. We lay there until nearly midnight, when we got up and groped our way through mud, water, and dense darkness to a shack about a mile off, where I lay down on the floor thoroughly exhausted, and fell asleep. We went back to the wagon at 4.30, and broke our fast as best we could. The man whose shack we had slept in sold us a loaf.

We went on very carefully until the middle of the afternoon, when we reached an Englishman's shack. H—— being then convinced that the hay-rack was not the thing for the job, we dumped off both loads there and started back for Yellow Grass, where he purposed buying another wagon-box to haul with instead of the rack. I had a terrible cold, and was sick for want of sleep. We arrived back at Yellow Grass late on Monday night, and went to bed at 2 A.M. under the wagon, and within a stone's throw of the hotel.

We got up at five; my cold was bad, and I fairly ached. The days have been very chilly lately and the nights bitterly cold.

We reached the Englishman's that night (Tuesday), but had to camp in a little tent

of his some two miles away, as there was no water at the shack for the horses. Where we camped for the night it was wet and swampy and very cold indeed. We went back to Yellow Grass on Wednesday, and came into camp on Thursday. I have felt real bad, and so on Friday I got off at a bachelor's shack and stayed the night there. I went to the railway camp with a load yesterday and hoped I might have seen the doctor, who visits them periodically, but he had gone. The "boss" of the camp gave me some physic; he says he will give me a job. I shall only get small wages to begin, and it will not last long, as they have to quit constructing as soon as the frost sets in.

I cannot stay any longer with H——. I told him I did not know what he expected for \$10 per month, which is all the farmers give green Englishmen, board and lodging included (such as it is).

W——,

Monday, Aug. 3, 1903,
8.30 p.m.

I had to knock off my letter rather suddenly last night, so I am going to add a little more this evening. I was up at four o'clock this morning, and busy helping H—— to start off on his journey to Yellow Grass, which he did at ten o'clock.

I felt very queer, but packed some things in my portmanteau (which, by the way, is all to pieces now), and started for my new job at the railway camp. When I had gone a mile I felt very bad. It was raining hard, and was bitterly cold. I stopped at a neighbour's shack and lay down for a time.

After a dinner of pork, bread, and straight tea, I borrowed one of his horses, and rode a few miles off to see a man who is going into town to-morrow. He will take me with him, so I shall be able to see the doctor. I must be up at four o'clock and get over to his place in the morning.

However, I will write more before I post this.

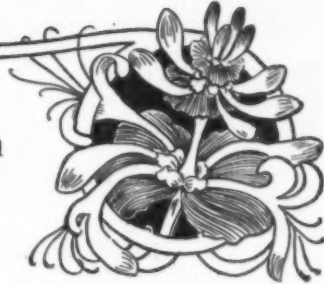
(To be continued.)





The Critic on the Hearth¹

BY JOHN A. STEUART



YOU remember Johnson's pungent description of a patron in the epoch-making letter to Lord Chesterfield:—"Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help?" Similarly one is at times tempted to ask: "Is not a philosopher, so-called, one who sits at his ease telling others how they ought to behave in circumstances of which he has no understanding, or laying down the law concerning things of which he has no knowledge?" In these days of almost universal omniscience, when babes are born with a wisdom which puts their elders to shame, the world is so exceedingly well supplied with counsellors that nothing ought ever to go wrong with us. Are we in reality then wiser than were our fathers? Do we understand the science of life better than they understood it? Knowledge has indeed increased prodigiously. Have nobility and happiness made a corresponding advance?

That enchanting writer who from the fullness of his own content gave us *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, remarks in his quaint way that "one of the greatest miseries that can befall a man, in the world's esteem, is poverty or want, which makes men steal, bear false witness, swear, forswear, contend, murder, and rebel, which breaketh sleep and causeth death itself. . . . Money makes, but poverty mars." Mr. Burton arraigns that statement as a popular fallacy. In point of fortune he had himself the felicity to realise the apostle's ideal: for he had neither poverty nor riches. It was not his lot to lie awake o' nights planning how to make inelastic ends meet. Of the worry which makes old at the rate of two years in twelve months he knew nothing. His daily dinner was as sure as anything in this world can reasonably be, and he could count on a new coat in season.

"I hear no music, I find no feast,
I slay no beast from a bounding steed;
I bestow no gold, I am poor and old,
I am sick and cold, without wine or mead."

That Celtic wail of misery found no echo in the heart of the Oxford recluse. Nor, on the other hand, did he ever feel the grievous oppression of riches. From the cloisters of Brasenose College he looked forth upon a struggling, tumultuous world with that feeling of security and detachment which makes men amiable friends, graceful moralists, and admirable counsellors to such as have to endure the heat and dust of battle.

"His theme is not the most promising in the world, is it?" remarked Solomon, lifting his head meaningly. He had sniffed at the first mention of Burton's name in our cursory table-talk as at something mouldy and out of date. Reverence for the past is not Solomon's strong point.

His theme, I responded, is ostensibly the cause, effect, and cure of melancholy; in reality it is the whole range of man's sublunary interests. As a moralist, I ventured to point out, he has not the pithy shrewdness of Montaigne, the preceptor of Shakespeare and father of a very large tribe of essayists. He is the old man garrulous, the learned babe (there were babes at Oxford, you see, long before the days of Cecil Rhodes) who ransacked the Bodleian, despoiling the ancients with an innocent effrontery that is bewitching. He is perhaps the oddest medley of conceit and quotation in existence. In all the three volumes of the *Anatomy* there is not a single original idea, yet it is one of the most original books in the language, as that shameless plagiarist the Rev. Laurence Sterne discovered to his own great benefit. Why do I dwell on the *Anatomy*? Because it is the handiest compendium of ancient wisdom outside the Proverbs of Solomon—not our Solomon, but the great King. Try it for a rainy day at the seaside.

It does us good to glance back occasionally, to be reminded from time to time that there were great men before the inventor of the motor, and problems or ever the new woman shocked the world with her cigarettes and her manushiness.

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The Critic on the Hearth

If you be pleased to sit awhile and listen to the prattling of Mr. Robert Burton you may rise with enlightenment on many things, and especially what men, who helped mightily to make the world what it is, thought in regard to the momentous problem of living. What is the question which most occupies the thoughts of active men? Is it not how to make the best of themselves and of circumstance? He who has found out how to make the best of himself has discovered a secret more precious than rubies or fine gold, ay, though the gold should bring a castle in the Highlands and a mansion in Park Lane.

There are certain things which do not change, which are not subject to the reflux movements that agitate the world in general. The man who first experienced the pangs of hunger came inadvertently on a matter which has puzzled the best of philosophers and to-day engages practical men in dire and relentless contest. We are often told that the problems of each age are peculiar to itself. Don't believe it. True, the tremendous question of furbelows and crinolines keeps every successive generation in a state of feverish unrest. Fashion is perhaps just a little more variable than the weathercock on the steeple, as paterfamilias, alas! knows to his cost. Do I object to variety? By no means. What would become of your Court milliner, your enterprising haberdasher, your fashionable tailor whose privilege it is to encase the august legs of dukes and princes, if a mandate were to go forth that last year's fashions were to be permanent? A stereotyped fashion would mean intolerable monotony to professional beauties and other deserving people, not to speak of the ruin of many admirable industries. But there is something deeper than fashion, something pristine, elemental, the mere sheer desire to live. Those who understand such matters tell us that every man has a right to live.

"I don't know in what statute-book that is enshrined," put in the Colonel quietly. "I think I know many men and a few women whose right to live at my expense is at least questionable. But we won't argue the matter."

"What about suicides?" inquired Solomon blandly.

"Suicides are of course insane," returned the Curate.

"I don't know about that," says Solomon, shaking his head very wisely. "I once attended an inquest, and it was with the greatest difficulty that three-fourths of the jury could write their own names. Do you think such men

capable of judging the delicate balancings of intellect?"

"The law allows it," said the Curate.

"Who or what is the law?" inquired Solomon blandly.

"Go out and break a pane of glass in the nearest shop-window and you'll find out," said the Colonel.

"A policeman is not the law," retorted Solomon, with the coolness of a lawyer, "any more than a locomotive is the man who drives it. As there is some one behind the locomotive, so there is some one behind the policeman. You say it is the law. If you were to speak quite accurately wouldn't you say it is a body of respectable but by no means over-intelligent gentlemen who buy their way into Parliament, and then proceed like so many little Cæsars to issue decrees?"

Stop, stop! I cried. We could not of course allow such criticism of our legislators to pass. The British Constitution, as Edmund Burke long ago remarked, is too exquisite a thing to be handled by the ignorant or the inexpert. If it directs that a coroner's jury shall say that in committing *felo-de-se* the person so breaking the law is not only a felon but insane, then according to law he was insane though fifty experts on psychology should deny it, and there is no more to be said.

It is curious to note, I proceeded, how when the preliminaries of life are arranged—meat, drink, clothing and lodging—men's ambitions vary. Some merely desire a selfish personal gratification; others, including some of the noblest and best, strive to found families. That was Shakespeare's ambition and Scott's. The creator of Lear and Hamlet took particular care in his will to perpetuate his name and estate, and Scott killed himself that field might be added to field and Abbotsford rear its turrets in proof of territorial power. False ambition, you say, and therefore frustrated. Do not judge hastily, please. Pliny and Cicero were for glory. Renan too declared the world has nothing better to give, and Matthew Arnold was disposed to assent though with some qualification. Juvenal, on the other hand (as you might expect), asks, "What is glory, be it as glorious as it may, if it be no more than glory?" In the same strain Montaigne, who is a Latin through and through, inquires why men should give up such "effectual and substantial goods" as riches, peace, life and health, "to pursue this vain phantom and empty word, that has neither body nor hold to be taken of it?" Tasso, more poetically, calls

it "an echo, a dream, nay the shadow of a dream, which a breath disperses and dissolves."

The excellent Burton (be good enough to hand me down Volume II. from the third shelf), following suit, calls ambition "a proud covetousness or a dry thirst of honour, a great torture of the mind, composed of envy, pride and covetousness, a gallant madness. One defines it, a pleasant poison; Ambrose, a canker of the soul, an hidden plague; Bernard, a secret poison, the mother of hypocrisy, the moth of holiness, and cause of madness, crucifying and disquieting all that it takes hold of." There is much else to the same effect, I said, closing the book; for Burton does not stint authorities. You don't agree with all he says or quotes. Of course you don't. When he speaks of envy as an element of ambition he is manifestly wrong. Was ever mortal less envious than Walter Scott? Yet we have seen that he was ambitious. The fact is that both Shakespeare and Scott wished to combine Montaigne's "effectual and substantial goods" with the glory which Montaigne affected to despise.

"Affected to despise," repeated the young lady classic, as though to say, "What, accusing the frankest of all writers of insincerity?"

In discussing such matters it is well to begin by clearing our mind of cant, I returned.

"Hear, hear," cried Solomon, whom the array of moralists was beginning to oppress. "Isn't there a good deal of canting about this same sin of ambition?"

That is too dangerous a subject, my friend, for an amiable discussion like ours. Let us, however, get rid of cant, and if you please discard convention also. In this late age we see most things through the mists of tradition. We are all apt to be conservative (no political allusion here), because conservatism is easy. It is the creed, speaking in general terms, of the lazy and the timid. If men had always been content with what was and never pushed on to what might be, our inheritance would be considerably less valuable to-day than it is. By the sacrifices of yesterday we enjoy the benefits of to-day; by the sacrifices of to-day will come the benefits of to-morrow. At the same time let us be honest. When a man tells you with bland fluency of the unspeakable pleasure of dispensing with this or that unnecessary possession, you may with perfect safety put him down as one who keeps an exceedingly tight grip on his own goods.

It is a foible of the rich to instruct the poor

in the art of being happy on nothing. The mentor may be sincere, though it must be admitted that when a man first dines sumptuously, and then proceeds to dilate on the benefits of hunger, appearances are against him. The listener may well suspect him of moralising with his tongue in his cheek. Doubtless a person in the agony of gout is perfectly sincere in extolling the virtues of a lenten fare. But as a rule the plain man concludes that a plutocrat enlarging on the blessings of poverty is merely a gratuitous example of the Pharisee; because for all rich men there is an easy, open way to the felicity they commend to others. If to be poor is to be happy, I undertake at twenty-four hours' notice to secure happiness for the richest man in England. It is a pathetic mistake on the part of the overburdened rich to suppose that they cannot get rid of superfluous wealth.

"We know how the rich young man in the parable took the suggestion that he should part with his riches," said the Curate.

The example, I returned, is as pertinent to-day as ever it was. To my mind the most nauseous form of cant is that of the rich pretending to envy the lot of the poor.

"Almost as nauseous as the hypocrisy of the toady," remarked the Colonel. "Byron said with a sneer that his friend Tommy Moore dearly loved a lord. There are hosts of Tommy Moores walking the earth at present. It is instructive to note the art with which the sycophants adjust their reverence to the position of the momentary idol."

Very instructive, I owned. In America, where they do everything with an eye to results, snobbery is a developed science, nicely graduated to mark the proper distinction between the man who is worth only one million and the man who is worth ten millions, as between him who is worth ten and him who is worth fifty. The same nice distinctions are beginning to be noticeable in England also. To say that a man is worth five millions sterling is to procure him obeisances and flatteries which must make him almost imagine himself a demi-god. "You have no conscience," a plutocrat was told the other day by a friend. "No," was the frank reply, "I have no conscience, but I have three millions in railway stock."

"And you call that instructive," cried the young lady classic, flushing indignantly.

"Instructive, my dear," returned the Colonel, "because it teaches us what to avoid. If a sycophant saw himself as others see him, he

The Critic on the Hearth

would immediately cease to be a sycophant. The world would be a very tolerable place if flatterers and parasites were abolished by law or transported to some new Botany Bay. They are among the most despicable of our social pests, and what makes them intolerable is that often they affect an air of extreme independence. It goes almost without saying that such as cringe to those a step or two above them are invariably bullies to those below."

"That," observed the Curate, "is the contemptible creature's mode of self-compensation—witness the behaviour of Jonathan Swift. As touching the rich man, perhaps the word satiety expresses or explains his sad condition."

"There is something in that," admitted the Colonel. "The prize for which he strove has turned to Dead Sea fruit in his grasp."

'E'en if won what's the good of life's medals and prizes?

The rapture's in what never was, or is gone.'

That's experience set to music. You see we are back to the supreme question of ideals. It was said of old, 'Tell me what a man thinks, what he admires, and I will tell you what he is.' The tragedy with most of us is that we go through life with our eyes on the wrong things. Only a man here and there, a Carlyle, a Newman, a Pater, let us say for illustration's sake, keeps himself free from the prevailing contagions of misdirected ambition."

"Just so," said the Curate, with an evident unction of agreement. "The youth entering the world finds the golden calf an object of universal adoration. The conduct of his elders declares that it, and it alone, can confer benefits and extend privileges. Hence he takes Iago's advice, and proceeds with all his heart and soul to put money in his purse. He forgets the benefits that are not to be weighed or appraised by that great auctioneer, the public; or rather he does not know of them since they find no place in our latest system of education. To be rich, to be richer than his neighbour, that is the end and aim of existence as he is taught to understand it. I believe that youthful Americans have a saying, 'If I don't die rich it will be because I shall die young.' Does not that very aptly sum up the national ideal?"

And the youth of America, I observed, excel in the art of money-making. As you perhaps know, there are scarcely any old men in the United States. Some years ago a friend—since, alas! gone the way whence no traveller returns—took me over the Board of Trade in Chicago. I was struck by the fact that the bawling

crowd was made up almost entirely of young men, and that the vast majority of them were bald. They were making money at the expense of nerve and hair. They never stopped to consider the wisdom of going at such a pace. Their very dreams in the stillness of the night were of "corners" in wheat and pork, and the sensation of a five-cent rise. In one of Hawthorne's tales there is a description of an unfortunate youth whose real life is crushed out by the piles of ancestral gold which descend upon him. It is not at all an uncommon event. You don't read Walt Whitman. He is even more difficult than Browning and Meredith. Permit me to show you your error—based on popular fallacy. Embedded in his prose works you will find a tiny sketch called "The Boy Lover." The boy viewing the gay perspective of the world ahead is invited to *dream* himself old. Then he is told to look back "through the long track of the past years. How has it been with thee?" he is asked. "Are there bright beacons of happiness enjoyed, and of good done by the way? Glimmer gentle rays of what was scattered from a holy heart? Have benevolence, and love, and undeviating honesty left tokens on which thy eyes can rest sweetly? Is it well with thee, thus? Answerest thou, it is? Or answerest thou, I see nothing but gloom and shattered hours, and the wreck of good resolves and a broken heart, filled with sickness and troubled among its ruined chambers with the phantoms of many follies? Oh youth! youth! this dream will one day be a *reality*—a reality, either of heavenly grace or agonising sorrow."

"I had no idea," said the young lady classic softly, "that Walt Whitman could be so tender."

Madam, as Robert Louis Stevenson found, he is not only tender, he is (despite a seeming chaos) wonderfully and sagaciously sane. As for his greatness in writing, do me the favour to read that passage in *Specimen Days*, describing a night-walk under the stars—his thoughts full of Carlyle dying.

You just remember that Whitman did something heroic in war time. Which do I consider the greater, the hero of thought or the hero of action? I make no distinction. Scott's death at Abbotsford and Gordon's at Khartoum are to me equally sublime. For the rest let us comfort ourselves with the words of the wittiest of English divines, "He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault."

"Good," cried Solomon. "That enables a poor fellow to breathe again."

Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

The Tsar at Home

AN interesting book has just been published in Leipzig, written by Bresnitz von Sydaroff, who was for long a resident at the St. Petersburg Court. It sketches the manner of life at the Court, and what Sydaroff says of the Tsar and his consort is of peculiar interest at the present time. Like all other European monarchs, Nicholas II. is an early riser. Regularly at seven o'clock winter and summer he enters his working-room. Ivan, his valet, serves the early breakfast. Ivan is perhaps the only person in the world except his wife whom he implicitly trusts. Piles of reports are on the table, and as the Tsar looks them through he drinks his tea and eats his bread-and-butter. Seldom is an egg or a slice of cold meat added. Those papers on his table are not from his regular ministers and counsellors. They are from the powers behind the throne, from men whom the ministers fear, irresponsible favourites commissioned by the Tsar to report. They are secret reports, and are frequently acted on by the Autocrat, to the consternation often of his regular advisers.

Nicholas II. works at these and other papers, usually alone, until ten o'clock, when he has luncheon, or, as the Russians call it, second breakfast. This meal is invariably taken with his family alone. It is a mark of peculiar favour, and a sign of the greatest confidence, should any one be invited to this meal, when the Tsar chats with his wife and plays with his daughters, often helping them himself to food. From the breakfast-room he goes either back to his working-room or to the Audience Chamber should it be a reception day. Endless magnates, ministers, officials of all sorts, functionaries from the provinces are admitted, and lay their business before the Emperor, who has at his back his private secretaries. This audience-giving usually lasts until three o'clock, and then the Tsar goes to dinner. This meal is also taken *en famille*, and is of the simplest character. There is a drive after dinner, and visits are made. The evening meal, or supper, as the Russians call it, is usually an elaborate state affair, and nothing is wanting to give it a character of grandeur and opulence. But the Tsar himself eats little at these great functions, and drinks hardly anything except now and again a glass of champagne. Beer or

spirits he never touches, and his smoking is confined to an occasional mild cigarette. He retires to rest between ten and eleven o'clock after an hour with his wife and an hour or so in his study, where he pores over books of mystical theology.

The Empress is in the first place a mother. Her children are her world. When Court duties do not detain her she hears her daughters say their evening prayers, and not infrequently the Tsar is present at this beautiful little service. According to Sydaroff it is not Russian which the imperial family speaks when alone, but French. I have heard, however, from another authority that English is the language of the nursery. The children's food is of the simplest—plain nutritious things, no luxuries and no unnecessary sweatmeats.—M. A. M.

The Papal Secretary of State

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL when raised to the Secretaryship of State, merely on account of his polyglot accomplishments, as ill-natured tongues at the Vatican say, was hailed by his few friends, led by Cardinal Oreglia, the *doyen* of the Sacred College, as the man who would cast in the shade the figure of his predecessor, Cardinal Rampolla. Pius X. frankly and naively said that he knew nothing about politics nor had he any leaning towards them, and to his greatest intimates confessed that he had decided upon Merry del Val after having received the Diplomatic Body for the first time, when, being unable to speak anything but Italian, and even that with a very strong Venetian accent, he was mortified in realising that not one of them understood what he was saying, except the *chargé d'affaires* of the Republic of Nicaragua—because he is an Italian. As can easily be understood, Cardinal Merry del Val assumed power amidst the distrust of the members of the Sacred College, as he being the youngest and just appointed Cardinal, all the others considered themselves superior to him in diplomatic ability, as well as in experience, for the direction of the political and ecclesiastical affairs of the Church. The new Secretary of State, it must be said to his credit, did not feel at all discouraged, and set to work to draw on his side some of the most reluctant among his opponents, and he succeeded, chiefly with Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, who has become his right hand,

Over-Sea Notes

and with Cardinal Vives y Tuto, who, although until the election of Pius X. one of the strongest supporters of Cardinal Rampolla, afterwards followed the new star for the consideration that it belongs to his nationality. Contemporaneously Merry del Val announced that he was conceiving a master-stroke, which his friends beforehand qualified worthy of Machiavelli. Thus came to light the famous notes of protest for President Loubet's visit to Rome, which is only one example of his diplomacy, it being all on the same lines. The feeling throughout Italy is summed up in the words of the *Capitan Fracassa*, which says that all true Italians should get up a petition to Pius X. to keep the Secretary of State in his present position, as he has brought more people over to the Quirinal party than any of their own adherents.—I. C.

An Unenfranchised City

THERE is one city on the American continent whose inhabitants are never called upon to go to the polls. The residents of the city of Washington, the federal capital of the United States, have no voice in their government either in municipal or national concerns. City affairs are regulated by a Congressional committee, and the district of Columbia elects neither a representative to the Lower House of Congress nor a Senator to the Upper. In spite, however, of this complete disfranchisement, the residents of the Capital City are not disinterested on-lookers during a Presidential campaign. In the United States the most important preliminary to an election is the nominating convention. Theoretically any man out of the eighty millions of Americans, who is native born and over thirty-five years of age, can be President of the Republic. In fact, however, when the election takes place only the two men who have secured the nomination respectively of the two great national parties have any chance of the Presidency. Hence the nominating Conventions of the dominant parties are really the fields on which the fight is made, and in these conventions the unenfranchised residents of the district of Columbia have long been permitted to take part. This concession has been made to them on the theory that their nearness to Congress and their personal knowledge of the men in national politics renders their advice of value in the choice of candidates. The Democrats give the district six delegates

—the same number as is granted to the least populous of the States. The Republicans more reasonably limit the district to two delegates in a Convention of about nine hundred. Neither the nominating Conventions nor the delegates have any place in the Constitution. The election of the delegates is entirely a party matter, but it is the one electoral activity of the people of the district; and the coloured population in particular, who are entirely excluded from the Democratic representation, but are always allowed one of their race in the Republican delegation, rejoices once in four years in the political excitement afforded them by their share in this preliminary of the Presidential campaign.—A. G. P.

Women in American Business Life

ACCUSTOMED as one quickly becomes to the presence of women in every business office in American cities, it nevertheless occasions an Englishman a start of surprise to find them acting in capacities entirely forbidden to them by English usage. That women clerks should be at work among the men in a bank is no more unreasonable than that they should act as cashiers in large retail establishments; yet the one seems perfectly natural, and the other something of a phenomenon. In the higher positions in commercial and financial life also, women are much more frequently found in prominent places in the United States than in England. Three such instances were recently recorded in different columns of one single newspaper. The first was from Texas, in an account of the formation of a company for growing Cuban tobacco. The president of the corporation, it was stated, was Miss Alice T. Webb, who was already a partner in a Chicago tobacco firm. The second was from South Dakota, and recorded the fact that Mrs. A. R. Gossage had undertaken the editorship and business managership of a daily newspaper in Rapid City in that State. The third came from the more conservative Southern State of Maryland, and stated that Miss M. Brandt, of the firm of M. and J. Brandt, had brought to a successful completion some difficult negotiations in connexion with the sale of city property belonging to a bank in Baltimore. These are but the record of a single day, but they illustrate the wide variety of avenues now opening to women of ability who enter business life in America.—A. G. P.





A COOL PROPOSITION

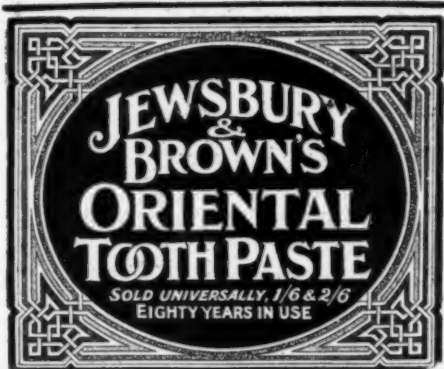
Surprising how cool, yet full of energy and "go" one feels when the hot weather diet is selected with reason. For breakfast

A Little Fruit. Lightly Boiled Eggs.
Saucer of GRAPE-NUTS and Cream.
Toasted Whole Meal Bread.
Cup of POSTUM Food Coffee.

All the necessary food elements here to keep Body and Brain well nourished and strong until the noon hour, no matter what the work.

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# Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

## Fire-walking Ceremonies

ABOUT three years ago Dr. S. P. Langley gave a reasonable explanation of the so-called fire-walk at Tahiti, based upon his own observations of the ceremony, and an examination of the heated stones over which the performers walked. He found that the stones were extremely porous and very bad conductors of heat, so that they could be heated red hot at one end while remaining comparatively cool at the other. There is little doubt that the success of the performance depends entirely upon this property, and not upon any ability of the natives to walk through fire unscathed. Dr. R. Fulton shows in the latest volume of *Transactions of the New Zealand Institute* that the fire-walking witnessed by him at Vilavilairevo, in the Fiji Islands, and here illustrated from his paper, admits of a similar explanation. There was no actual walking through fire, but only over stones which have been piled on wood burning in a pit about twenty feet across and two feet deep. The stones were certainly very hot while the fire was burning, but the walk did not commence until all the smoking wood had been removed from under them, and as this took nearly two hours they must have cooled down considerably in the interval. The entire walk over the stones occupied about fourteen seconds, and as in that time each performer took from twenty-five to thirty steps, the sole of the foot was at no time in contact with hot stone for more than half-a-second. As at Tahiti, the performers use one particular kind of stone, which they carry from island to island; and they will not walk upon any other kind.

### FIRE-WALKING IN FIJI

1. STONES BEING HEATED ON BURNING WOOD
2. HEATED STONES AFTER THE BURNING WOOD HAS BEEN REMOVED
3. PERFORMERS WALKING OVER THE HOT STONES

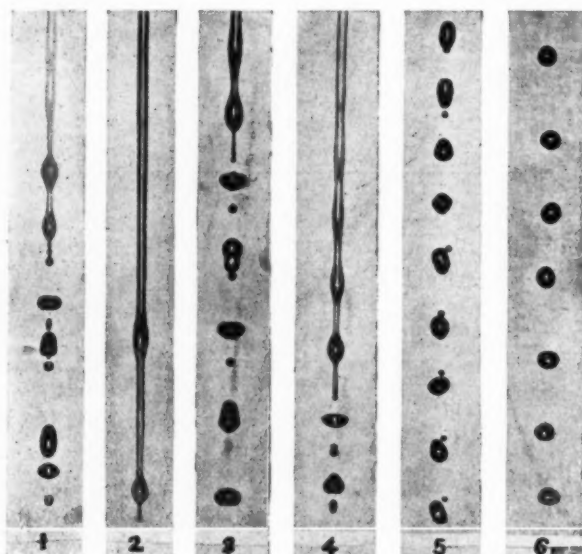
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3 P

## Science and Discovery

These basaltic stones are bad conductors of heat, and do not give up their heat easily to anything in contact with them. The stones are heated until split by the expansion of the water they contain, and are then arranged with the inside or fractured surfaces upwards, so that the part walked upon is not so hot as the spectators are led to imagine. These facts, and other observations made by Dr. Fulton, prove clearly that there is nothing in the performance which does not admit of scientific explanation, and the suggestion that some of the Fiji islanders are able to withstand the effects of fire may be relegated to the limbo reserved for the exaggerations of impressed but uncritical observers.



WATER JETS BREAKING UP INTO DROPS

Photographed by Mr. P. E. Belas

### Effect of Sound on Water Jets

SOME interesting photographs of jets of water breaking up into drops have been obtained by Mr. Philip E. Belas, and are here reproduced from his paper published by the Royal Dublin Society. When a jet is issuing from a narrow tube alternate contractions and swellings appear at the lower part of the clear column of water, while at the extremity drops form as shown in Fig. 1. If the foot of a vibrating tuning-fork is made to touch the stand which supports the tube from which the jet is issuing, the jet begins to break up into drops nearer the orifice than before, as illustrated in Figs. 2 and 3, which show the appearance of the jet before and after the vibrations of the tuning-fork have

been communicated to the stand. In the upper part of the stream large and small drops follow one another alternately, but lower down collisions occur, and at the lowest portion the small drops have been absorbed by the large ones. This is seen in Figs. 4, 5, 6, which show the upper, middle and lowest part of a jet influenced by a vibrating tuning-fork. If the drops are allowed to fall on a stretched membrane of parchment or india-rubber, their regular patten will cause the membrane to sound the same note as that given by the fork used. When two tuning-forks sounding different notes are placed together on the stand, the note emitted by the membrane is that due to the difference in the vibration numbers of the two forks. The experiment thus provides a proof that the difference-tone or grave harmonic of two forks has a real or objective existence, and is not merely a subjective effect produced within the ear on account of a peculiarity of construction of that organ.

### Decrease of Transparency of the Air

DR. S. P. LANGLEY has directed attention to a remarkable diminution of the transparency of the earth's atmosphere which occurred during the years 1902-1903. Records obtained by other observers in various parts of the world have shown that this decrease was a general one, and to it is attributed the unusual coolness of the summer of 1903. This decrease of transparency of the air for the sun's rays appears to have commenced between November 1902 and February 1903; and at all observatories where records of the intensity of solar radiation are regularly obtained, the measures have been appreciably lower than for corresponding months of former years. The difference was not due to an excess of moisture in the air, but to an actual decrease of transparency, in consequence of which the amount of direct solar radiation which reached the earth surface was reduced, and temporary alteration of climate was caused over a large area. Fortunately the atmosphere seems to have assumed its normal condition of transparency for the sun's rays about the end of last year; which fact gives support to the suggestion that the effect was due to the wide dissemination of fine dust clouds from the great volcanic eruptions of 1902.



# Varieties

## How do you wear your Veil?

THE French woman arranges her veil just to include the tip of her nose, and allows it to fall in loose and graceful folds at the back. It is a style that is recalled from the beginning of the last century. The Americans drape the veil over the back of the hat in a style no other nation seems to copy. The English woman strains hers over her face, overlapping the chin.

## Conundrums

WHAT time is it when the clock strikes thirteen? Time the clock was fixed.

On what did Noah live when he was in the ark? On water.

What ship has two mates and no captain? Courtship.

What is the keynote of good manners? B natural.

In what month do men talk the least? In February, because it is the shortest month.

What was the longest day of Adam's life? When there was no Eve.

Why are fowls the most economical creatures that a farmer keeps? Because for every grain they eat they give a peck.

What will turn without moving? Milk.

## Japanese Adaptations

It is often said that Englishmen are not so ready to adapt themselves to special requirements in business as other nations. Here is a curious illustration from Lynch's *Path of Empire*: "The Japanese are quick to adapt themselves to the requirements of the new markets they seek to enter. For instance, in Korea the bales of English cotton the natives were in the habit of buying were too large to be carried by the Korean donkeys. With traditional conservatism of possession, the idea of altering the sizes of the bales would never enter the Englishman's head. The Jap competitor offered bales the size to suit the donkeys. As most of the goods-carrying throughout Korea is done a-donkey back, this is an important consideration; anyhow the Japanese goods may now be seen all over the country."

## Female Brain versus Male

THE University of Berlin has conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy on Miss Ina Milroy, of Detroit, Mich., for her work in chemistry, her dissertation being the result of original work on the optical rotation of dextro-glucose. She orally defended against three male opponents her proposition that the effort of the natural sciences to reduce everything to a common denominator has received valuable support through the recent investigations of radioactive substances. Miss Milroy is the tenth woman to receive a doctorate from the

Berlin University, of which number five are Americans, two Germans, one Dutch, one Roumanian and one Australian.

## Literary Glasgow

MR. ALEX. S. BROWN, Newcastle-on-Tyne, writes to us:—"Apropos of the article on 'Literary Glasgow,' in the June *Leisure Hour*, I beg to point out a slight omission, viz. the absence of reference to Dr. John Moore, the father of Sir John Moore. It was to Dr. John Moore that Burns wrote his famous autobiographical letter from Mossiel, and it is from Moore's novel *Zeluco* that Byron is said to have got the suggestion for 'Childe Harold' (see *Chambers' Encyclopedia*). There is a short article on Moore in *The Medical Friends of Burns*, likewise a reference to his visit to Voltaire in the volume entitled *Voltaire in England*."

## Astronomical Notes for August

THE Sun rises on the 1st of this month, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 4h. 25m. in the morning, and sets at 7h. 47m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 4h. 40m. and sets at 7h. 30m.; and on the 21st rises at 4h. 56m. and sets at 7h. 10m. The Moon's phases will be: Last Quarter at 2h. 3m. (Greenwich time) on the afternoon of the 4th; New at 58 minutes past noon on the 11th; First Quarter at 4h. 27m. on the morning of the 18th; and Full at 1h. 2m. on that of the 26th. She will be at perigee, or nearest the Earth, at about a quarter past 9 o'clock on the morning of the 12th, and at apogee, or furthest from us, about a quarter past 4 o'clock on that of the 27th. Exceptionally high tides may be expected about the 12th. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 20th, and visible in the evening during the greater part of the month, moving in a south-easterly direction through the constellation Leo, and entering Virgo about the 23rd, when it passes a little to the south of the star Beta Virginis, which is of the fourth magnitude and about thirteen degrees nearly due south of the much brighter star Beta Leonis. Venus is visible for a short, but increasing, time after sunset, also in the constellation Leo, but to the north-west of Mercury. Mars will begin to be visible in the early morning towards the end of this month, but of feeble luminosity, in the constellation Cancer. Jupiter is now nearly stationary in Aries and rises before midnight, earlier each evening; he will be near the Moon on the 30th. Saturn is at opposition to the Sun on the 10th, and visible all night, but at no great elevation, being situated in the southern part of the constellation Capricornus. The August meteors, radiating from the constellation Perseus, may be looked for from the 8th to the 12th, and the Moon being New on the 11th renders the occasion favourable for seeing them.—W. T. LYNN.

# The Fireside Club

## POSIES FROM POETRY

### III

1. "Claspt by a Passion flower."
2. "The wild marsh marigold shines like fire."
3. "Sweet is the new violet."
4. "Burned . . . the red anemone."
5. "Purple spikèd lavender."
6. "Meshes of the jasmine and the rose."

From what author's works are these gathered?  
Trace each. A prize of the value of Five Shillings  
awarded for the first correct answer.

Note.—Results of the Five Guinea Prize Competition in the series of Nine Shakesperian Acrostics, which have appeared monthly from November till July, will appear in our October number.

## ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books noticed: SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE'S *Scottish Reminiscences*, Maclehose and Sons, Glasgow, 6s. G. K. CHESTERTON'S *Napoleon of Notting Hill*, John Lane, 6s., etc.

"We . . . anchored for the night at the head of Loch Scavaig. . . . A more impressive anchorage can hardly be imagined. The precipices on either side plunge almost perpendicularly into the water, and mount upwards, crag over crag, into the far black splintered crests and pinnacles that surround Coruisk. The tints of sunset flame along these peaks, while the evening shadows creep slowly upwards, and deepen into such darkness below that one cannot tell where land and water meet."

Sir Archibald Geikie's *Scottish Reminiscences* abound with fine word-pictures such as the above, memories of things seen in the course of that geological survey which familiarised him with every county, almost every parish of his beautiful native land. The book is a storehouse of observation and humour as well as of beauty. The veteran geologist's sixty years' harvesting of good stories has added a notable volume to those of the three or four hitherto leading authorities on Scottish humour.

The climate of Scotland he defends from the sweeping aspersions of tourists who generalise from a few weeks' experience of transient bad weather. "Geological surveying affords a good test of climate, and I have found it possible to carry on this work the whole year through." That the topographical features of Scotland influence the national imagination, is largely proved by the local legends and place-names—or such a story as the following of an Ayrshire stone-breaker. Asked how he supposed the grey granite boulders with which his native valley is strewn, came to lie where they are, after a pause he gave the following picturesque explanation: "Weel, ye see, when the Almichtie flang the world out, He maun hae putten thae stones upon her to keep her steady."

In spite of its burlesque style and much tiresomely detailed street-fighting, the *Napoleon of*

*Notting Hill* is a notable book, a serious book, and worth penetrating to get at its purpose. Mr. Chesterton writes of England eighty years hence, when the system of alphabetical shall have succeeded the present system of hereditary monarchies. "Some one in the official class was made King—no one cared who. He was merely an universal Secretary." Mr. Chesterton begins by crossing swords with those mechanicians and scientists who would rule out all romance in their anticipations. "The heroic thing," he sings, in a spirited dedication to Hilaire Belloc,

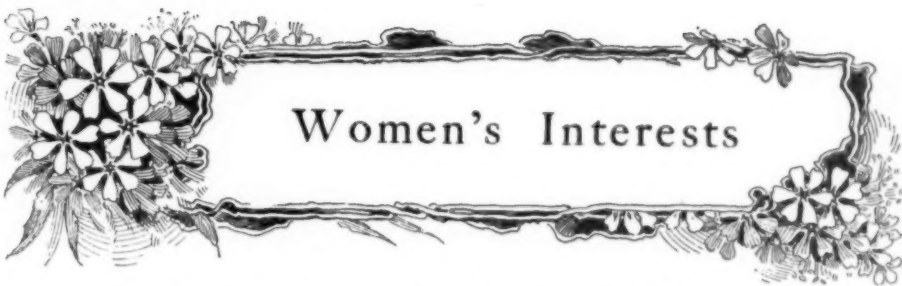
"did not end by Nelson's urn  
Where an immortal England sits—  
Nor where your tall young men in turn  
Drank death like wine at Austerlitz.  
And when the pedants bade us mark  
What cold mechanic happenings  
Must come; our souls said in the dark,  
Belike; but there are likelier things."

When the alphabetically chosen King Auberon from sheer flippancy proposes "a revival of the arrogance of the old mediæval cities applied to our glorious suburbs, Clapham with a city guard, Wimbledon with a city wall, Surbiton tolling a bell to raise its citizens, West Hampstead going into battle with its own banner, etc.," his idle words fall on the ear of one imaginative idealist, who takes them as an inspiration, and in due time becomes the organising Napoleon of Notting Hill. He breathes, he burns, he inspires his fellow-parishioners—he reforms the very nature of things. "He inflames every one so much," as the King neatly puts it, "that he is lost himself in the blaze." As an instance of the romantic changes accomplished, look, towards the close of the story, into the shop of Mr. Mead, the Notting Hill grocer—who had once been a very Peter Bell in his prosaic views, but now he

"was dressed in a long and richly-embroidered robe of blue, brown and crimson, interwoven with an Eastern complexity of pattern, and covered with obscure symbols and pictures, representing his wares passing from hand to hand, and from nation to nation. . . . The wares were shown plainly, not so much as an old grocer would have shown his stock, but rather as an educated virtuoso would have shown his treasures. The tea was stored in great blue-and-green vases, inscribed with the nine indispensable sayings of the wise men of China. Other vases of a confused orange and purple, less rigid and dominant, more humble and dreamy, stored symbolically the tea of India. A row of caskets of a simple silvery metal contained tinned meats. Each was wrought with some rude but rhythmic form, as a shell, a horn, a fish or an apple, to indicate what material had been canned in it."

Also received: From Mr. Pitman, Mr. T. MACLAREN'S *Systematic Memory*, 3rd edition, 1s. Two numbers of FREDERICK PITMAN'S *Shorthand Library*, 6d. each, all practical handbooks for journalists. *Letters of Horace Walpole*, one of Newnes' Thin Paper Classics, 3s. 6d. With a finely-toned portrait, this pocket volume contains a large and representative selection from these always readable letters. Also from Messrs. Newnes, *Alpine Climbing* and *All about Wheat*, 1s. each. Written with liveliness and point, and copiously illustrated, this series maintains its interest from volume to volume.





## Women's Interests

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

#### EDUCATIONAL.

**Esperantist.**—I am glad you are making progress with your study of Esperanto. You need not fear that the language will cease to be at an early date. Here are some facts that were reported at a recent meeting where Mr. Moscheles, the well-known artist, was in the chair. First, the list of business men using Esperanto in various countries is increasing daily, and one firm of Huddersfield iron-workers received so many orders in Esperanto, that it was necessary to send a secretary to London to learn the language. Had the heads of the firm known, the secretary could have mastered the language at home, as that is one of the advantages of Esperanto. Pronunciation as well as construction can be acquired from books. One member stated that during his daily train journey to and from town, he had in two months taught himself sufficient Esperanto to enable him to converse with Bohemians, Spaniards and Frenchmen, who knew only their own language and Esperanto. Second, more than a score of reviews and newspapers have an Esperanto section, the latest recruit being a Cuban journal, and the *Universal Science Review*, which has contributors of eleven different nationalities. For conversational purposes, Esperantists meet every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, at the Club Café, 5 Bishopsgate Street Within. I have no doubt any one interested in Esperanto who would call there and mention *The Leisure Hour* would be cordially welcomed, especially if Mr. Bolingbroke Mudie, Miss Laurence, or Mr. Farnes be inquired for. During tea only Esperanto is spoken, but subsequent discussions may be in English. Mr. Bolingbroke Mudie is the honorary secretary, Miss Laurence, of the *Review of Reviews*, is an ardent lover of the language, and Mr. Farnes is the business secretary. No doubt either of these gentlemen would answer inquiries, were a stamped addressed envelope enclosed in the letter. Mr. Bolingbroke Mudie's address is 41 Outer Temple, London. Mr. Farnes' address is 120 Crofton Park Road, Brockley, S.E.

**Unhired Labourer.**—The Medical Mission at Bermondsey seems to be carrying on its remedial work in the Master's way, healing the body first and retaining hold of the mind later. Christians have sometimes forgotten that both body and mind proceeded from the Divine Hand, and that the Creator despises nothing He was concerned to make. The Medical Mission sees or visits every week 500 to 600 patients. The work is carried on entirely by ladies, under the direction of a fully-qualified lady Doctor and Surgeon. A short religious service precedes medical treatment, and this many of the patients appreciate so much that they ask leave to return for it when their ailments have been cured. Ladies anxious to acquire the mission's method of helping the suffering, may join the mission for the purpose of gaining experience in medical, surgical, district, or maternity work, with a view to labouring subsequently either in home parishes or in the foreign mission field; these can obtain suitable residential accommodation on application. As the work is charitable, applicants are expected to defray their own expenses. Letters should be addressed to Dr. Lena Fox, 44 Grange Road, Bermondsey, S.E.

#### PERSONAL.

**Fidelia.**—It is difficult to know what to advise when matters have gone a considerable way in the wrong direction, and this is all the more unfortunate, seeing how easy it is to arrest any current at the start. Ruskin says the yoke may be of a silken thread in early youth, where in age gyres and fetters might hold, but would not subdue. Paradoxical as it may seem, it by no means follows that the worst people make the worst parents. In the parental relation the most ineffectual of all are, first, those who let their children do exactly as they like, and never put before them, in an intelligent or any other way, that childhood and youth are the preparatory time for a definite maturity, and that all ideas and habits are preparing their future as obviously as though their fate were written in a book. Second, the parents who always treat their children with

levity, laugh at their first stumbling efforts to express themselves, to think in words, even to think at all. The child's mind is not jocular, it is preternaturally serious; even a child's play is not funny to the child, and the parent who makes sport of the childish ideal before other adults—and hundreds of thousands do this—will expiate this offence acutely in the remote future. The finer the fibre of any creature, the more sensitive it is, but even the dullard has his or her *amour propre*. Respect the child where it is right or trying to be right, and it will respect us when we are constrained to show it that it is wrong. To control the young we must have control of ourselves; let ourselves go and we drop the reins, and never never shall we be able to gather them with a firm and easy grasp again. I do not know what you can do now, except just be good, find out what is right and adhere to it. Shut frivolous and trifling things away from your own practice, avoid denigration, be just, be sincere, if you feel cause or principle to be right stand by it steadfastly, whether it is popular or unpopular, and in time—a long time it may be—the young will begin to rebuild your pedestal. You may never be able to command their actions now, but to win their confidence is much. Do right, right is so permanent that they who cling to it enter into some measure of its greatness. All good things are of such slow growth, that we may have to wait long for our harvest, but it is as certain as the sowing of the seed. "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**M. G. R.**—There is no sale for hand-painted ornaments. The firms that offer to sell materials and take the finished goods at a remunerative price are swindlers who batten on the inexperienced, and, what is far worse, on the anxious. They would merely say when your samples were sent in—produced from materials sold by them at three times their value—that your work was not up to their standard. *It could never reach their standard*, though you had the skill of Michael Angelo, because they neither have a market nor desire one. As you write on nice paper, from a nice address, it may be that you do not need to work for money at present. If so, there are some people who would say you are not entitled to try to effect sales of your produce, since every amateur wage-earner helps to congest the market for the genuine labourer who must work to live. It is difficult for the young to regard themselves individually as items in a stupendous whole, and yet that is the happiest view to take of life. Provided with that, we shall be willing to ask ourselves, "What are the world's needs?" and then, "Which of these am I especially qualified to supply?" After that will come the preparation, often long and laborious, for the opening that stands waiting, but when that is obtained it will be found that it is worth what it cost. Aim at the things that will be permanent, they are worth it.

**Beatrice.**—Your hair is suffering from a slight tendency to seborrhœa in the scalp. This accounts for the occasional attacks of itchiness, accompanied by some measure of falling hair. A simple shampoo with one or two beaten-up eggs, followed by washing in tepid water, a subsequent cold douche and effectual drying with a soft bath towel, could be resorted to once a week with advantage. The friction will cleanse the scalp and restore its tone. The day after the shampoo, and on subsequent days, you might use the Kappuka Hair Tonic. I do not know who manufactures it, but it can be ordered through any chemist. Each bottle is provided with a sprinkler. Part the hair, shake the Kappuka from the bottle into the parting, rub in with the tips of the fingers, and proceed to make other partings all over the head. You will find Kappuka pleasant to use, and beneficial.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed —"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Boulevard Street, London, E.C.



**THE MAN-EATER**

From the picture by Verestchagin, referred to in Miss Keeton's article  
in our July number (p. 713).

# Our Chess Page

## PROBLEM TOURNEY

### Preliminary Award

HOME SECTION :—Three-movers.

First Prize : **Two Guineas:**

*I leave it to you.* [See page 527.]

Second Prize : **One Guinea:**

*Pathfinder I.* [See page 615.]

### Highly Commended:

*Arroso, Indian Prince, Taraban, Leopardi, Petit Jour, Paolo, The Society Idol, Mark time!, Hodie Mihi! Cras tibi!*

Two-movers.

First Prize : **Fifteen Shillings:**

*Pensée (Pathfinder II at least equal).*

Second Prize : **Livesey's Patent Board:**

*Can I!*

## Summer Solving Tourney

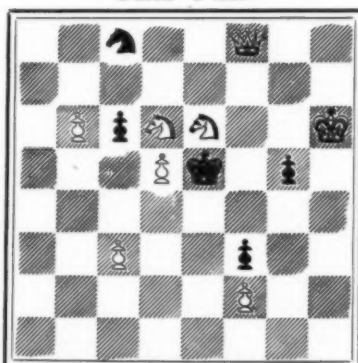
Last Problems.

Solutions must be sent in by September 1.

F

*Brinca*

BLACK—5 MEN



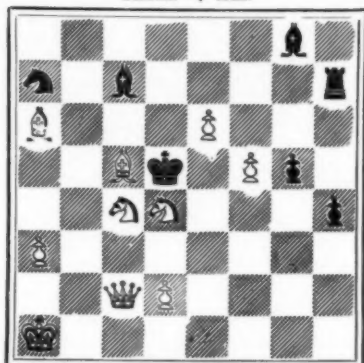
WHITE—8 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

G

*Remember*

BLACK—7 MEN



WHITE—10 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

## Highly Commended:

*Paolo majora II and I, Medusa, Fanciullo, Jester, Find the dual, Pyrocylin, Alpha.*

## COLONIAL AND FOREIGN AWARD.

Three-movers.—First and Second Prizes (**45s.**) divided between *Brinca, Remember and Sic!* (published June, Problem B, p. 703).

Two-mover (Livesey's Patent Chessboard).—*Le Général.*

## Highly Commended:

Three-movers.—*Pitraccu, Dum spiro spero, Sub sole, Suum Cuique, Riche en images, Si gam os.*

Two-movers.—*Minor, Goeden, Egai! Nejle, Secundum artem, Rocco.*

Composers' names and the Judges' comments on the whole Tourney will be published next month.

**New Retractors Competition.**—Mrs. Baird has kindly sent us three more of her ingenious Retractors which we are publishing during this and the next two months. Three copies of the composer's incomparable work, *Seven Hundred Chess Problems*, are offered in Prizes to the three solvers who, in the aggregate, send the earliest solutions.

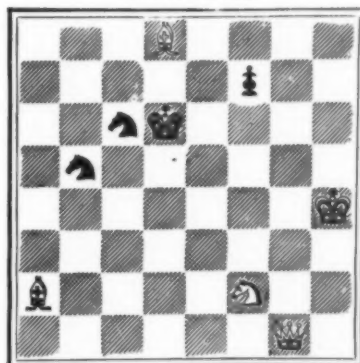
## VI. "Twentieth-Century Retractor."

By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

"The king hath note of all that they intend,  
By interception which they dream not of."

*Henry V., Act II. sc. ii.*

BLACK—4 MEN



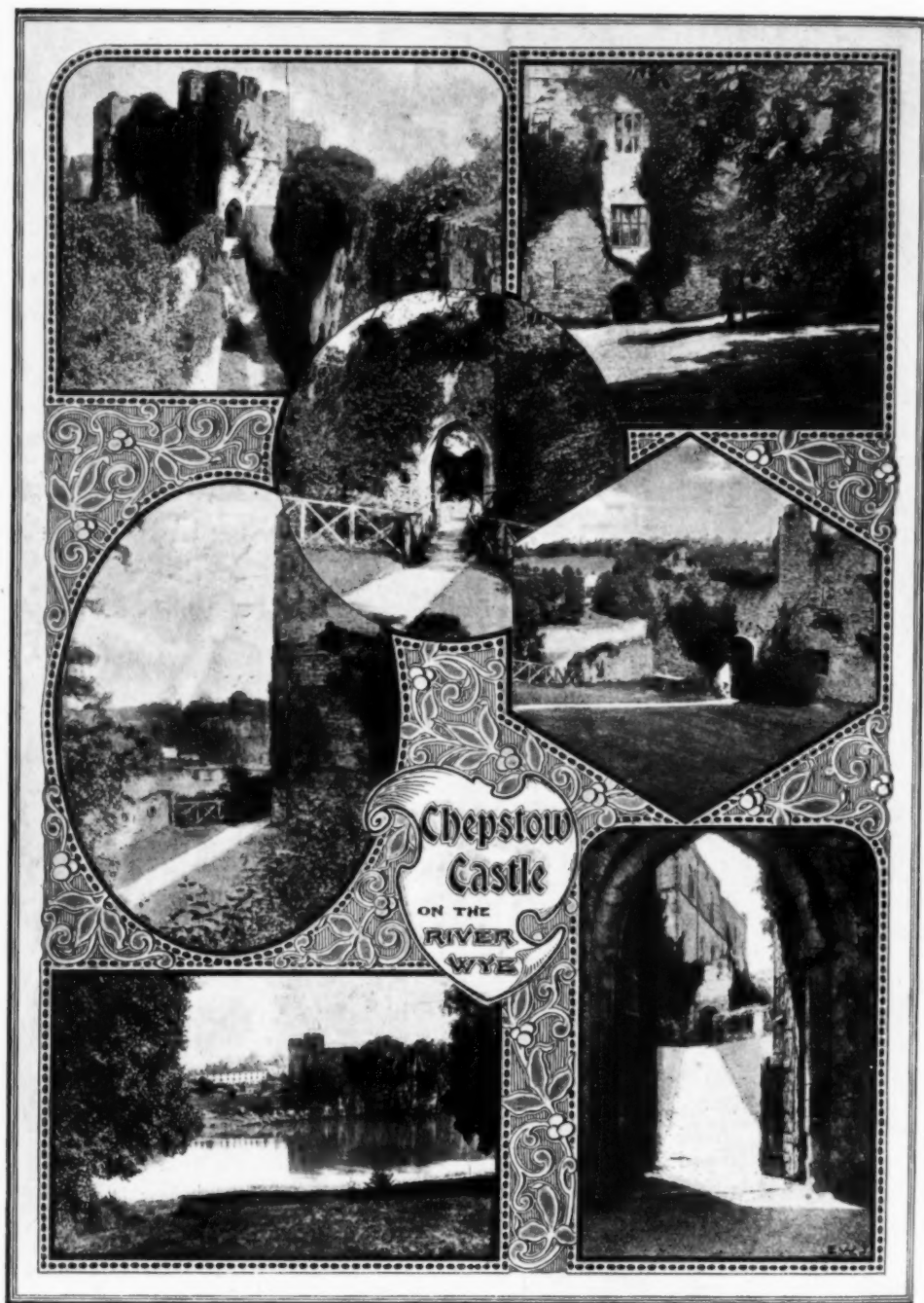
WHITE—5 MEN

1. White played last, but must retract his move.
2. Black to retract his last move.
3. Black to play, giving check, so as to allow
4. White to give mate.

Solutions must be written on only one side of the paper; must be headed by the name and address of the sender, and the date and time of posting must be clearly indicated. Postcards preferred.

No solution of this, the first of the series, received after September 1 will be considered.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked **CHESS** on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*



*Photos by E. W. Jackson*



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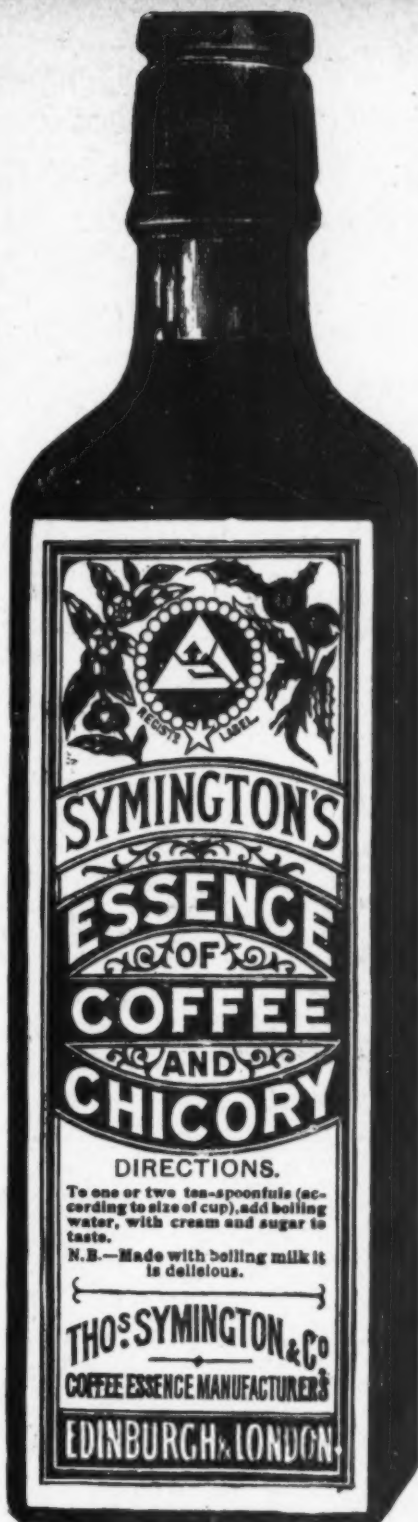
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[Face Matter.]

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"I need not be missed if another  
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To reap down those fields which in  
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He who ploughed and who sowed  
is not missed by the reaper,  
He is only remembered by what he  
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